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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

It is not too soon, we trust, to congratulate ourselves upon the changed aspect of our foreign relations. Yesterday they were gloomy enough. To-day the sun shines again over our quarter of the world, and we go about our business with a better hope that we may be permitted to pursue it in peace. What joy had we yesterday in a reduced income tax? Very little. Looking abroad to the chances of a Polish imbroglio, and the still more probable event of a quarrel with the mighty and irascible American Republic, this reduction seemed too much like mockery—like another of those daringly ironical bits of statesmanship which have so strange a fascination for our Chancellor of the Exchequer. Twopence in the pound is to come off this year without doubt; but the demure way in which Mr. Gladstone proposed the reduction was almost prophetic of an evil turn to come. He knew, perhaps, that he was leading us into a fool's paradise; and to him the soft pleasures of repeal were only a foretaste of the farvid delight with which he would come down upon us in 1864 for that twopence back, and twopence more into the bargain. However, the course of affairs has restored our trust in the Chancellor's simplicity, and brought us to a more comfortable acceptance of his "boon." We may hope to retain it, now, for a year or two; though it cannot be concealed that, at the present time, there is as little security for peace as ever there was in the most unenlightened and uncommercial periods of the world's history.

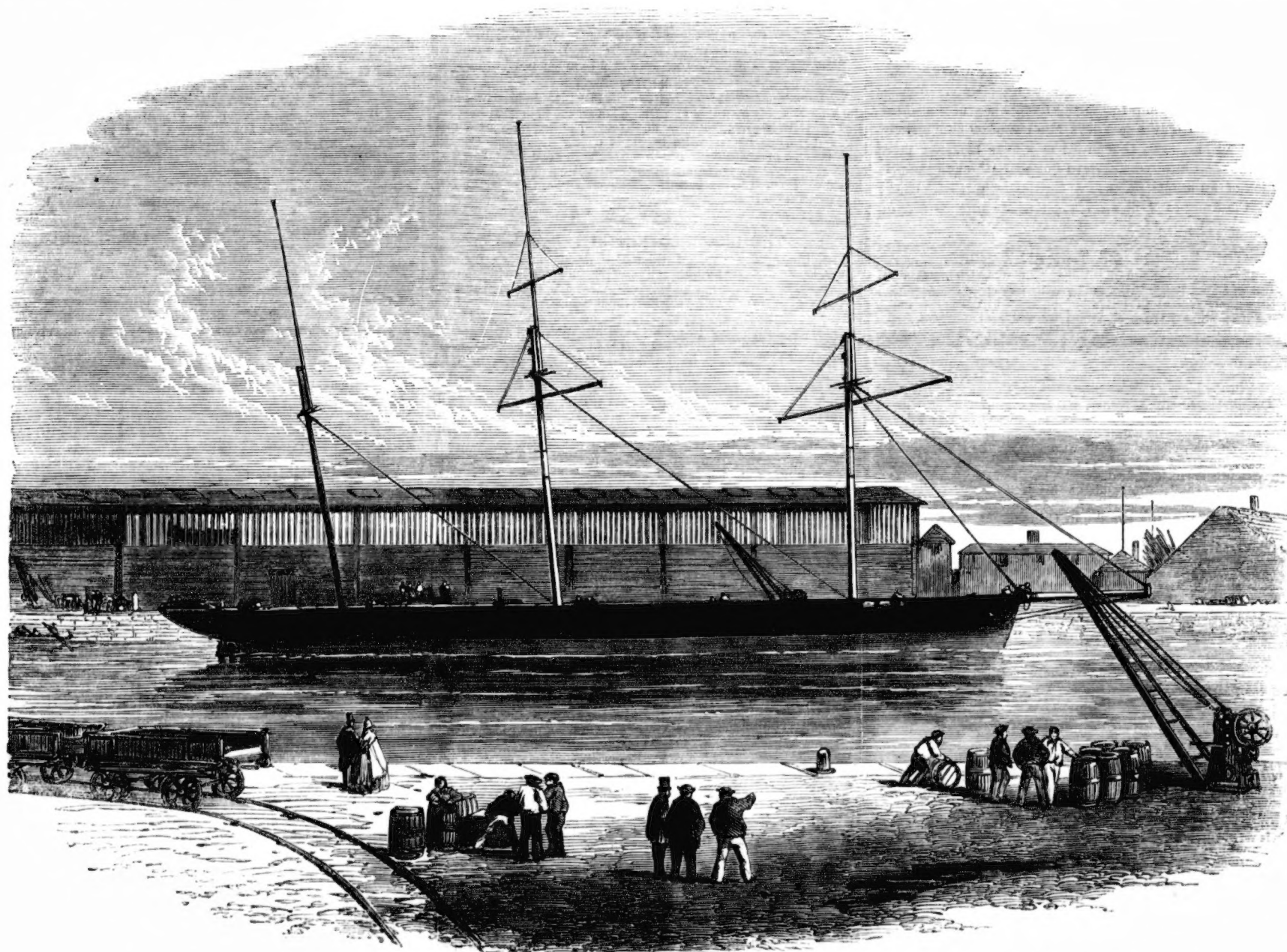
The Polish imbroglio was never very formidable to us, perhaps. Having once resolved that the liberty of foreigners

is not a thing on which to expend anything more costly than sympathy or more moving than diplomatic expostulation, it is comparatively easy for us to keep out of war on *that* account. And if other nations agree to pursue the same course, the risk is entirely avoided: but there is the rub. No sooner does a neighbouring Power take up the cause we are too wise or too cold to defend than we are at once embraced in the dangers of the strife, whether we like it or not. Thus, England may leave the Poles to their fate without a chance of inconvenience to herself; but were the French Emperor to send his legions into Poland, as he did into Italy, we might then have to deal with aspirations *not* of liberty, and with acquisitions of territory, more intolerable than was the jobbing away of Nice. So it is not enough for our ease that *we* abstain from meddling overmuch in this business; it is important that the Emperor Napoleon and all other idea'd Potentates should keep out of it too; and, therefore, when we read in the Paris newspapers that Russia has amply satisfied his Majesty's Government, we have no further apprehensions about the Polish question, so far as English interests are concerned. We ourselves do not choose to go to war on behalf of the Poles, and we are no longer likely to be dragged into strife by those who take a sublimer view of the claims of oppressed nationalities, freedom of the peoples, and so forth.

As to the Poles themselves, however, there is no more hope for them now than there has ever been. Prince Gortschakoff's replies to the remonstrances of the three Powers—England, France, and Austria—are all that could have been expected of him; but then it never *was* expected of him, by reasonable

beings, that he would either yield to interference or promote it. The kindly Powers take nothing by their motion but a polite despatch, which disarms hostility, baffles remonstrance, and, for the rest, only pledges the Czar to a continued display of paternal sentiment. How cleverly all this is accomplished, and how fine a discrimination the Russian Government displays in dealing with the three Courts, may best be seen by a comparison of the despatches. France is flattered; it is there that hostility is disarmed. Austria is addressed with a pleasing degree of deference, considering all things; but she is warned too. England, who has lately shown herself so exceedingly fluent in affairs of this sort, but from whom nothing more deadly than Earl Russell's rhetoric may be anticipated, is treated with a little more argument and a great deal more indifference. Prince Gortschakoff scarcely takes pains, in *our* note, to soothe the dull, cold ear of diplomacy; and, meanwhile, diplomacy is death to the hopes of Poland. Her friends and her enemies have spoken; and, when all is said, this is the fate that awaits her. She is to be conquered anew, her fresh-grown vigour is to be destroyed, her hate is to be cowed, and then there will be a general palaver as to the proper way of governing her; and in the end she will find herself ruled, as at the beginning, precisely as the Russian Emperor pleases. Let us cling to the hope—for it is all that is left—that he will please to do so with humanity and wisdom.

Less interesting than the Polish insurrection and its bearings on European politics, our relations with America are far more important, to us. Somehow those relations have always been of a vulgar quality, and the quarrels of the two countries have been



THE ALEXANDRA SCREW-STEAMER IN DOCK, LIVERPOOL, RECENTLY SEIZED BY ORDER OF GOVERNMENT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY R. HARGREAVES.)

especially vulgar; they should be called, not quarrels, but rows. The low character of American statesmen, the bluster of the press, and the "rowdiness" of too large a number of the people, are to blame for all this; but, on the other hand, we must give the Americans credit for a degree of sense and shrewdness which never allows the row to warm into downright fighting. Among certain classes of shopkeepers in this country (and, doubtless, amongst that great people who invented wooden nutmegs too) there is a rule of trade known as "trying it on." This principle is not admitted into European Cabinets; but it appears to be at the foundation of all American statesmanship, and to be especially relied upon in the conduct of foreign affairs. American Ministers are always trying it on; and it is not to be wondered at if American Admirals follow the example of their superiors. But, just as the smart tradesman is perfectly willing to deal fairly with you when he finds you are not to be cheated, so the Yankee statesman, having tried it on to no purpose, readily permits himself to be guided by law and right at last.

That is the position in which Mr. Seward stands just now. He tried it on with the mail-bags of the Peterhoff; but, finding the attempt useless, he has delivered them to Lord Lyons unopened, and with the civillest protestations. This result is very gratifying. True, the American Secretary is still clamorous and unreasonable on other matters; but we have less apprehension about the direful consequences which he declares must follow if another Alabama is permitted to leave an English port, now we see reason to believe that he does not seek a pretence for war with England. That is what we deduce from the surrender of the Peterhoff mails; and a very pregnant deduction it is. There is nothing remarkable in American execrations and American threats at ordinary times; but these are extraordinary times; and the probability that Yankee statesmen might see in a brush with England the readiest and most creditable way of abandoning a war which is nothing now but an enterprise of self-destruction, gave particular significance to the exploits of Admiral Wilkes and the hostile temper of his governors and fellow-countrymen. Any mistake in the capture of British ships—any offence to British pride, the fruit of a rash and ignorant patriotism—it would not be difficult to get redressed, or even to put up with, if the offenders had a true desire to do justice and keep the peace. Our real difficulty lay in a possible determination to do injustice, that the peace might be broken. In that case nothing more could be done than to foil insult with dignity and injury with patience, till there was no propriety in enduring either. But that is not the case, it seems. The surrender of the Peterhoff mail-bags gives good reason to hope that a war with England is not the policy of the American Government, and therefore no such disaster is likely to happen. The irritation which the escape of the Alabama from Liverpool, and the licentious capture of British merchant-ships, have caused in each country, is likely to be repeated more than once if the American war lasts much longer; but doctors of law have a salve for all such sores, and if both parties will only apply it faithfully there is no likelihood of their seeking a remedy in each other's blood. We Englishmen have no disposition that way, certainly. Indeed, a strikingly moderate and forbearing temper has succeeded the impatience which only a few days ago possessed all classes of society here; and even though we may have to suffer more annoyances than have yet fallen to our share through the perpetuation of an unreasonable and hopeless war, it will be the fault of the Americans themselves if that impatience fires up again.

THE SEIZURE OF THE ALEXANDRA.

THERE is no better proof of the anxiety with which our Government has preserved their neutral policy with respect to the American war, than their careful investigation of the circumstances under which British ships have been seized by the Federals, and at the same time their promptitude in forbidding the completion of the Alexandria, under the suspicion that she was being fitted for the Confederates.

She was built by Mr. Miller, of Liverpool, for a firm of something like fifty years' standing in that town, Messrs. Fawcett, Preston, and Co. The vessel had been launched, and was being fitted out in dock, when, on the 6th of April, a customs officer went on board and handed to the builder a note in the following terms:—"I have hereby to inform you that, pursuant to directions from the Commissioners of Customs, the vessel Alexandria, now being built by you, has been seized, pending such further directions as the said Commissioners may see fit to give." The result of this interference was a communication from the owners, which was afterwards read by Mr. Horsfall in a debate in the House of Commons, and in which they declare—

We think that it may be advisable to send you at once a general outline of our position as regards the Alexandria. Having had many inquiries for a vessel of her description, we had her built for us as a speculation. She had been launched, and we were completing her engines and fittings on board, when the customs authorities, acting under directions from the Government, seized her. The Alexandria is our property. She is a three-masted wooden schooner, of under 300 tons, builders' measure, with engines upon the screw principle, of 60-horse power, calculated to drive her at a speed of from nine to ten knots per hour. She is designed and was being fitted out in a manner adapted either for a passenger-vessel, for a mail-boat, or for a yacht.

It has been stated by the Solicitor-General that, with respect to the fitting out of vessels, two things must be proved in every case to render the transaction illegal—that there has been what the law regards as the fitting-out, arming, or equipment of a ship of war, and that this was done with the intent that the ship should be employed in the service of a foreign belligerent; and Messrs. Fawcett and Co. remark, not without some justice—

It is an anomalous condition of things that we may without question supply whole batteries of field pieces, with carriages and equipments complete, to known agents of the Federals, while we are not permitted to build and complete an unarmed vessel, because it is supposed that she might ultimately, by resale, become the property of the Confederate States. In any case, it is very desirable that it should be more clearly defined to what extent manufacturers may go in the production of such description of work as we have named, and that without risk of an interference, which, besides being detrimental to employers, may have the effect of suddenly casting adrift many hundreds of workmen.

It has been insisted on that no breach of international law was committed, since the ship was built only upon speculation, and was neither a war-vessel nor equipped for war. Between the 6th of April and the 21st or 22nd—more than a fortnight—the owners were left in profound doubt and ignorance as to what was the crime laid to their charge. So completely reticent were the Government

on the point, that they did not know whether it was for a breach of the fiscal laws, or of the Foreign Enlistment Act, or any other enactment, that the vessel had been seized.

The following is the cause of seizure as stated in the appraisement filed in the Court of Exchequer:—

No. 1. Date, 1863. Seized by officer Edward Morgan. Cause of seizure:—For being equipped, furnished, and fitted out with intent to be employed in the service of persons exercising, or assuming to exercise, the powers of self-government in and over a foreign State, colony, province, or people, the ship or vessel Alexandria, of Liverpool, with her tackle, apparel, and furniture, as she now lies.—Signed, Samuel Price Edwards, John King, C. W. Kellock, H. B. Watson.

The case of the Alexandria was to have been heard before the stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool; but it has since been determined, we believe, to try it in the Exchequer Court. The value (£9500) placed on the vessel is somewhat small, owing, doubtless, to the fact that she is in an unfinished state. It should be understood that the vessel has been seized by the Crown, and that Messrs. Samuel Price Edwards, John King, C. W. Kellock, and H. B. Watson, whose names appear at the foot of the appraisement, had nothing whatever to do with the information laid against her, but had merely to certify as to her value.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The only two topics which at present attract public attention in Paris are the Russian replies on Poland, the substance of which will be found elsewhere, and which seem to give general satisfaction to French politicians, and the approaching elections for the Legislative Assembly. On this latter topic considerable discussion has been excited by the following paragraph, which appeared a few days ago in the *Moniteur*:—

Several journals announce that the representatives of the sub-electoral committees will shortly assemble in order to elect a central committee. The Government reminds the public that the law forbids associations of more than twenty persons meeting without the consent of the public authorities, even should those associations be subdivided into sections comprising a less number; and, further, that the journals would expose themselves to legal penalties if they published the resolutions or manifestoes of such associations.

An "opinion," signed by MM. Dufaure, Berryer, and several of the leading French advocates of all sides of politics, has been published, declaring that the doctrine laid down in the above notification is contrary to the law and Constitution.

ITALY.

The Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the Prefects relative to meetings in favour of Poland. The Minister refers to the debate on the subject in Parliament, and states that the meetings in question are a pretext for agitation and for obstruction of the action of the Government. He concludes by enjoining the authorities to dissolve every political meeting of a character to endanger the interior or exterior safety of the State.

PRUSSIA.

The committee appointed by the Prussian Chamber of Deputies on the cartel convention between Prussia and Russia have unanimously declared the convention to be invalid, and have proposed that the Government be requested to abstain from carrying it into operation till the consent of the Chambers has been obtained.

The members of the Moderate-Liberal party in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies have exhibited some discretion and considerable forbearance in having declined to adopt a proposition of the party of progress to send an address to the King on the foreign policy of the Government, on the ground that the debate on it might lead to a conflict between the Chamber and the Government.

RUSSIA.

Intelligence of certain reforms about to be made in Russia has been published in *Le Nord*. One part of the news is the abolition of corporal punishments, even for the army, except in special cases, where, however, they are only to be inflicted by the judgment of a tribunal. This measure is stated to be the prelude to their total abolition. What the state of the law has been is indicated by the fact that the *citizens* (bourgeois) as well as peasants are henceforth to be subjected only to certain very light corporal punishments specified by law. The knout, branding, the use of sticks (in the army), and the lash (in the navy) are also to be definitively abolished from the penal code.

INDIA.

We have intelligence from India to the 13th ult. In his "progress" the Viceroy made his entry into Umballah on the 27th of March, and was received in great State by the Cis-Satlaj chiefs. He left on the 1st, and reached his residence in Simla on the 4th. The Cossyah war is at an end, and quiet is restored in the hill districts. The Shah of Persia is said to have informed the British Resident at Teheran that he should proceed to the relief of Herat unless the army of the Dost was recalled by British interference.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

THE intelligence received from Poland continues to report a succession of combats between the insurgents and the Russian troops with varying fortune, but all indicating that the spirit of the Poles is as far as ever from being subdued; and that the difficulties of the Russians are in no way lessened by the offered amnesty. Indeed, the determination to reject the Czar's overtures and to fight out the quarrel to the last seems stronger than ever. The revolutionary Provisional Government have imposed an income tax upon the people (except the peasants, who are exempted), and, although no apparent means of enforcing payment of the tax is possessed by this mysterious yet potent body, it is said that the money is readily forthcoming—nay, that it is generally cheerfully paid. Where, however, refusals or unexplained neglect to pay occur, the sum is levied in goods by the insurgent bands, and the delinquent's name posted on the church doors and other public places, and likewise published in the secret journal issued under the authority of the revolutionary committee—a course which is most effectual in preventing similar conduct in others. This course, however, it is but rarely necessary to adopt, a general willingness being evinced to contribute to the expenses of the war.

The insurgent cause is at present most successful in the western part of the Warsaw Government. The whole district from Kalisch and Konin to Wloclawek is entirely in the hands of the revolutionary leaders. The Russians in these parts are cooped up in the garrison towns, and wholly cut off from each other. The officers of the National Government are installed in all the border towns, where they collect the customs duties for the insurgent treasury. The rebel troops who swarm in this district are among the most completely equipped and best officered which the Poles are able to show. They number in all not less than 10,000 men. A considerable number of their commanders are experienced French officers. This considerable force is of course not united into one body, but is divided into more than half a dozen separate bands. Prince Wittgenstein and the other Russian commanders in this district are paralysed. If they attempt to unite, the insurgents immediately threaten the small garrisons they leave behind. The largest detachments they can send out to reconnoitre find themselves speedily confronted by a preponderating force of the enemy, and have to beat a hurried retreat.

Of this fact a convincing proof has just been delivered. On Sunday morning (the 26th ult.) a Russian force of little short of 1000 men was sent out on a reconnoitring expedition from Wloclawek in a south-westerly direction. At eleven o'clock they suddenly came upon a rebel army near the village of Nowawice, numbering, according to various reports, from 1800 to 2500. The Russians at once endeavoured to escape, but the insurgents prevented them by making a furious attack on them from three sides. For two or three hours the battle raged fiercely, and 500 of the Russians gradually found themselves driven to the very banks of Lake Goplo. The remainder were flying in all directions, with the insurgents in pursuit. The position of the 500 was most critical. According to the report of their own officers, the alternatives were either to capitulate or be

driven into the lake and drowned, unless they could by a desperate effort break through the insurgent ranks and save themselves by flight to the Prussian frontier. They determined, therefore, to fight; and, after a severe struggle, in which they lost many men, the majority succeeded in getting clear of the enemy, and made at once for the Prussian borders. With loud hurrahs they greeted the frontiers of Posen, which they reached between three and four o'clock, in the neighbourhood of the village of Chelmce. The Prussian military authorities being apprised of what had happened at once sent off a detachment to receive them and show them every honour and hospitality. On Sunday night they were quartered upon the inhabitants of the border villages in the vicinity, and on the following morning the Prussian soldiers formed themselves into an escort of honour and brought them, amid streaming colours and martial music, into the town of Inowrazlaw, where they were billeted again on the Prussian subjects. The Russians, of course, were not deprived of their arms, though on Prussian territory. They were on the following day accompanied by their polite friends to Thorn, whence they departed by rail for Wloclawek again. The reports of this affair which reached Breslau represent the inhabitants, who had to show this compulsory hospitality to the troops of a foreign Power, as in the highest degree indignant; and in Breslau itself the event produced the most profound impression.

Telegrams from Cracow report a very serious engagement, on the 30th ult., between the insurgents and the Russian troops, in which the scythemen carried the day for the former. It is stated that, despite the contradictions already received, Archbishop Felinski does actually continue a prisoner in his palace at Warsaw.

Rumours are current in Warsaw that the Russian Government intends to issue a manifesto on the 15th inst., ordering the reorganisation of the gendarmes and peasants, directing the confiscation of the property of landed proprietors who have joined the insurgents, and the levying of a contribution throughout Poland to defray the expenses created by the rebellion.

According to news from Lithuania, 4000 Baskolniks (dissenters from the Greek faith), armed by the Russian Government in the neighbourhood of Dunaborg, are desolating Livonia with fire and sword. Shocking details have been received of their atrocities.

RUSSIA'S REPLIES TO THE THREE POWERS.

THIS reply of Russia to the notes of Austria, France, and England, on the misgovernment that has again provoked a Polish insurrection, has been received. To France the Russian Government declares its "good intentions" towards Poland, and expresses a desire to satisfy the Powers "within the limits prescribed by its own safety and dignity." What Russia may regard as necessary means of securing these two objects may leave a margin wide enough to contain another chapter of Polish history, written, like so many others, in blood. But to France the Russian answer is, on the whole, of "a pacific character," and expresses every confidence, on the part of one Emperor, in the friendship and good offices of the other. It appears to be a momentary submission to the French Minister's sharp reprimand, and the kind of answer that turneth away wrath—for the time. The reply to the English remonstrance has also been received, and is equally conciliatory, though not in exactly the same terms. Lord Russell recalled to the recollection of Russia the stipulations of the European settlement of 1815, and all the rights and privileges guaranteed to Poland by solemn treaties which were ignored for a generation, and finally torn up at Warsaw in 1830. But the destruction of the Russian copy of the mortgage deed did not pay off the debt, and of this fact one of the joint creditors has reminded the party who disposed so summarily of the contract. In a "conciliatory" tone, therefore, Russia declared herself ready to enter with England into a consideration of the terms and conditions of these treaties, with the purpose of ascertaining how much of that ancient charter can be made a modern reality; for England is assured that Russia is really only anxious to "promote the welfare of Poland." The French remonstrance was a direct reproach to the Russian Government, not for having established a despotic system, but for administering it ill. With the most effective tools it has spoilt the work; and, controlling everything, has governed the nation into a general revolt. This is the final consequence of a prolonged blunder, which, from the French point of view, the most liberal Constitution would not amend. Lord Russell's reference to the old compact implies a belief that, once provided with good political machinery, the Poles would work out their own problem, and bring round a better state of things for themselves; and it may at least be conceded that no degree of ignorance or perversity, in the use or misuse of freedom, could make the condition of the people worse. Lower than to be trampled down by Asiatic savagery no civilised nation can descend, or ought to be allowed to fall. In the reply to the Austrian note, Russia pleads the difficulty of dealing with the intrigues of the revolutionary party abroad, and hopes the influence of the great Powers will be directed to repressing a general evil at the distant points to which it may be traced.

The three Russian answers, therefore, have one common purpose; but the manner in which it is conveyed is not unskillfully varied. The Government of St. Petersburg has full confidence in the good offices of the French Emperor, and is pacific, with reserves as to its safety and dignity, meant for appreciation at Paris. To England it is conciliatory and ready to treat the question on the basis of constitutions and political principle. Austria is reminded that she shares the danger as a possessor of Polish territory, and has not been so ready in co-operation against the revolt as might have been expected, considering that she has Hungary and Venetia offering fields that may also be cultivated by conspiracy, possibly not without result.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

A new attempt to turn the fortifications of Vicksburg by means of a canal connecting a point above that city with another below it is reported from the headquarters of General Grant. Three thousand soldiers and negro labourers were daily employed in the work. Seven gun-boats, one ram, and three transports of Admiral Porter's fleet made the attempt to join Admiral Farragut below Vicksburg on the 16th. All were successful except two of the transports, one of which, the Henry Clay, was sunk, and the other, the Forest Queen, was disabled by the fire of the Confederate batteries. Heavy firing in the vicinity of Warrenton was subsequently heard, warranting the supposition that the gun-boats were operating against that point. The Federals have now eleven gun-boats between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and it is believed that one or the other of those strongholds will be immediately attacked. The latest news from Vicksburg states that the Confederate battery at Warrenton was destroyed by the Federal gun-boats on the 17th, and that five transports had run the blockade of the Yazoo, and were above Haines's Bluff. The *Chattanooga Rebel* of the 19th inst. contains a despatch from Jackson, Mississippi, of the 17th, stating that a rumour prevailed that General Grant's army had reached New Carthage, on the Mississippi, below Vicksburg, that the bridge over the Big Black River had been burnt, and that Vicksburg would be attacked in ten days; also that large reinforcements for the Federals had left Memphis for Vicksburg.

Richmond papers of the 23rd report the destruction of the Confederate ram Queen of the West and the gun-boat Diana. The former, being aground in Grand Lake, was discovered in that condition, and blown up by a shell from the gun-boat Calhoun, belonging to the expedition of General Banks. The latter was burnt by the Confederates to prevent her falling into the hands of the Federals.

General Banks had advanced into the country of the Bayou Teche to within six miles of the city of Franklin. He was at the head of the divisions of Generals Grover and Pomeroy, and the brigade of General Weitzel. The Confederates oppose him with 8000 men, under General Sibley.

Fears were entertained at Washington for the safety of General Rosecrans in Tennessee, as the Cumberland River, by which he receives his supplies and keeps open his communications, was rapidly falling, and he was threatened both in front and rear. A battle was daily expected. Great excitement existed in Nashville on the 19th, caused by a rumour that the Confederates, under Van Dorn, were marching to attack that city.

On the 22nd the Federals, under General Reynolds and Colonel Wilder, surprised the Confederates at Macminville, Tennessee, captured the town, with 300 prisoners, and destroyed a cotton-factory, two mills, and a large quantity of stores.

General Getty, with a detachment of Federal troops, aided by several gun-boats, was reported to have dislodged the Confederates from a battery on the western branch of the Nansemond River taking six cannon and 200 prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded on either side is not stated.

The Confederate General Wise, with 3000 men, occupied Williamsburg on the 11th, after a short contest, and had declared his intention to capture Fort Magruder at all hazards.

General Foster arrived at Newbern from Washington, North Carolina, on the 16th, having run the blockade of the Confederate batteries on the Tar River in the transport Escort, the vessel by which he received supplies and reinforcements on the 14th. Eighteen shots took effect upon the hull of the Escort, and the pilot was killed at his post. It was presumed that General Foster would proceed with reinforcements to attack the Confederates who surround Washington and compel them to raise the siege; but Federal accounts of the 18th say that the Confederates had retired and abandoned all their batteries.

Owing to the recent heavy rains, and the impassable condition of the country of the Rappahannock, no forward movement can be made by General Hooker. A force under General Stoneman, reported to have crossed the Rappahannock and occupied Gordonsville, was, according to Confederate accounts, repulsed in five attempts to cross the river. The latest Federal advice report that the condition of the roads rendered it impossible for General Stoneman to proceed.

A serious disturbance had occurred in Cincinnati in consequence of a negro knocking down a crippled soldier in the streets. Several negroes were severely beaten in retaliation.

The case of the Peterhoff had been before the Prize Court, which had decided, in compliance with the obvious wish of the Government, to deliver up unopened the mails found on board, which were forthwith transferred to Mr. Archibald, the British Consul. The question of the legality of the capture of the ship and cargo was reserved.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

It begins to be whispered that the attack on Charleston was peremptorily ordered by the War Department; that Admiral Dupont disapproved it, unless he could be efficiently supported by General Hunter; that General Hunter, not having more than half the men requisite, declined the responsibility; that their joint remonstrances were unavailing; and that finally the Admiral was ordered, *nolens volens*, to force the passage with his ironclads. The officials at Washington appear to have taken a sudden fancy for the celebration of anniversaries; and they calculated that if they could but recapture Fort Sumter, and announce the fact to the people of New York assembled in Union-square on the 11th, they would perform a grand *coup de théâtre*, perpetrate a highly dramatic and agreeable act of vengeance, fire the Northern heart with new enthusiasm, and administer a heavy blow to the South. But the President, though he issued positive orders to the Admiral, is reported to have taken counsel with his second thoughts, and to have come to the conclusion that the War Department was wrong in disregarding the remonstrances of its officers, and to have dispatched his private secretary on a special mission to Port Royal, countermanding all previous instructions, ordering that the attack should be abandoned, and that the Monitors should all proceed to New Orleans to co-operate with General Banks in a new attempt to force the passage of the Mississippi at Port Hudson. The messenger, however, arrived too late. The attack had begun and ended before he reached Port Royal, and many of the ironclads engaged in the unavailing struggle had been so seriously damaged as to be unable to proceed to the Mississippi without repairs. This is the story which has been brought from Port Royal by persons who profess to speak on authority, and which is in all probability correct in its main particulars. It will not tend to increase the public confidence in the wisdom of the Administration, though it may help to prove that Mr. Lincoln himself has more practical common sense than the people who surround him.—*Times' New York Correspondent*.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

THE Americans are in the habit of boasting that the increase of population, wealth, and power of the United States from the date of the recognition of their independence, in 1783, until the breaking out of the civil war, some two years ago, was utterly unparalleled in the history of the world; but, perhaps, the progress made by our Australian colonies equals, if it does not surpass, that of the great Republican community of the western continent, and this progress is no more marked in any one, with the exception of the gold-producing province of Victoria, than in Queensland, the youngest of the Australian colonies.

But three years have elapsed since the north-east corner of the Australian continent was a humble dependency of New South Wales, and vaguely known as "Moreton Bay." Stretching over some seven degrees of latitude and at least thirteen of longitude, it comprises a territory ten times as large as England and Wales put together, and three times as large as France. The varieties of climate and of elevation within these vast limits are so great that English vegetables and grain crops, as well as every kind of tropical produce, will ripen there in perfection. No one who visited the Queensland court in the Great Exhibition will need to be reminded of the prodigal way in which contributions from the torrid and temperate zones were crowded together. When we bear in mind that a population of 30,000 Europeans has been able to present these results as the first fruits of its labour, we can hardly over-estimate the future wealth of this region when the whole of it shall have been brought under cultivation.

The necessity of finding other sources for the supply of cotton seeds the Southern States of America has recently called special attention to Queensland, and it will therefore be interesting to our readers to have some information regarding this fine country in connection with the accompanying View of the city of Brisbane, its capital.

HISTORY AND INSTITUTIONS.

As we have already mentioned, Queensland at one time formed a portion of what was included under the general name of New South Wales, and, like the district of Sydney proper, was a penal settlement. This it ceased to be in 1842; and in 1859 the district of Moreton Bay was erected into an independent colony, under the title of Queensland. It was at the same time granted a Constitution, the form of Government being, of course, modelled on that existing in England.

Education and religion are both well provided for. A most efficient system of public instruction has already been established, embracing both primary and grammar schools, the former supplying a thoroughly good English education to the very poorer classes, and at the latter facilities are provided for obtaining, at a moderate cost, a good classical and general education, such as will fit a pupil for the English Universities. Public worship is well supported—voluntarily, we believe—the number of places of worship in the principal towns being very large in proportion to the present number of inhabitants. Brisbane, the capital, with a population of 7000, contains about fourteen churches and chapels; and there is a Bishop of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic Bishop, and ministers of all the principal Christian communions.

TOPOGRAPHY, CLIMATE, AND NATURAL PRODUCTS.

The coast-line is picturesque, presenting more variety and features of greater interest and beauty than most other portions of the Australian seaboard. The country is always green, presenting a succession of flats and ridges, well grassed and finely timbered, or spreading out into extensive plains, waving with nutritious grass or covered with flowering herbage. Ranges of mountains run parallel with the coast-line, at a distance of sixty or seventy miles, with their spurs running out upon the more level lands towards the sea, diversifying the scenery, and giving rise to a multitude of streams and rivers; of these many are broad and navigable for many miles inland;

their banks, formed generally of the best alluvial soil, are finely grassed and wooded. Most of the rivers have a bar entrance, but the obstructions are such as may be easily removed by dredging.

The seaboard of Queensland is formed for extensive maritime commerce, having many noble bays, containing a vast area of landlocked waters. Moreton Bay is about sixty miles long by twenty miles wide; the shores are rich in soil and admirably adapted for agriculture. The bay is dotted with islands, which add much to its beauty, and some of them are capable of profitable cultivation. Five navigable rivers pour their waters into this beautiful bay—the Arrowsmith, the Logan, the Brisbane, the Pine, and the Caboolture. Besides Moreton Bay there are several other estuaries of equal or superior beauty, such as Keppel Bay, Wide Bay, Port Curtis, Port Bowen, Port Denison, and others.

Beyond the range of mountains, the water-shed of the eastern coast land, the country and climate assume a different character: the higher elevation renders the temperature much cooler than in the low lands in the same latitude. These table-lands spread over an immense extent of country, commencing about the twenty-eighth parallel, and extending for several hundreds of miles in a succession of magnificent downs, covered with nutritious herbage and well supplied with water. First come the Darling Downs, then succeed the Waterloo Plains, Calvert Plains, Fitzroy Downs, Mantuan Downs, the rich pastoral country of the Dawson, the Peak Downs, and the fine grassy plains of the Burdekin, extending away northward and eastward towards the Plains of Promise, which stretch along the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The climate of Queensland is the finest in Australia, and cannot, perhaps, be surpassed in any part of the world. It closely resembles that of Madeira. The temperature is more constant than in many other regions within the same isothermal lines. This equalisation is due partly to the sea breeze tempering the heat of summer, and partly to the copious rains which fall during the hottest months of the year. The peculiar coolness and dryness of the atmosphere, as compared with the latitude, has been explained by the intense and active evaporation which takes place in this part of Australia. The absence of the hot winds that frequently afflict the other Australian colonies further accounts for the comparative coolness of the climate in Queensland.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The soil and climate of Queensland are suited for the production of a great variety of articles of general commercial value. Cotton, sugarcane, barley, oats, sorghum-saccharatum, arrowroot, tobacco, indigo, coffee, and rice may all be successfully cultivated on the rich flats and ridges of the low lands. Maize (Indian corn) and the English potato also thrive admirably together, and yield abundant crops. One crop of maize and two crops of potatoes may be taken off the same land in a single season. In the uplands, beyond the mountain range, wheat is most successfully cultivated, the usual yield being about thirty bushels to the acre, while the grain is of the finest quality, full and clean, and weighing from 60 lb. to 63 lb. per bushel.

Queensland possesses a very rich vein of mineral wealth. Gold has been found in several localities of the finest quality, and, though no systematic search has been made for it, there is reason to believe that it exists in quantities that would well remunerate the labours of a mining population. Copper and tin are also found in a very pure state; while coal of excellent quality is abundant, and iron is also plentiful.

The many beautiful and valuable woods of the country are especially worthy of notice, no part of the British possessions being, perhaps, richer in this respect than Queensland.

COTTON CULTIVATION.

Cotton cultivation, for which the colony is said to be peculiarly fitted, has been introduced with considerable success, the produce being fair in quantity and of very superior quality. Sea Island cotton of the finest quality can be produced over vast tracts along the seaboard and river beds. It is even asserted that samples picked from plants on the elevated table lands of the interior vie in texture with those obtained from the coast. The great difficulty, however, is labour, the price of which is too high to admit of the cotton plant being cultivated by Europeans so as to be able to compete with the American article under ordinary circumstances; and as there is no guarantee that the present cessation of supply from the Southern States, and consequent high price, will be permanent, although the stoppage may last for some years, we fear this will be a serious obstacle to the profitable cultivation of the plant in Queensland. The cost of freight, besides, is another point in respect of which the Australian grower would labour under several disadvantages in competing with his American rival, were the ordinary course of things restored in the Confederate States. It is true that there is a proposal for the introduction of coolie labour into the colony, which to some extent would obviate the difficulty; but it appears that there are prejudices and other obstacles in the way of carrying out this project, at least for the present. It is asserted, however, that despite these difficulties cotton cultivation is likely to be profitably pursued in the colony.

In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned that the wages of artisans, such as masons, carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, blacksmiths, &c., range from 9s. to 11s. per day, and those of labourers from 5s. 6d. to 7s., without rations; and that shepherds, ploughmen, and farm labourers generally, obtain from £30 to £45 a year with rations and lodging.

LAND LAWS.

The Parliament of Queensland has made strenuous efforts to induce emigration to the colony by offering great facilities for the acquisition of land. The Alienation of Crown Lands Act provides for the rapid survey of large tracts of the best lands for agriculture, in localities suitable for water-carriage or other means of transit. These agricultural reserves are to be marked out in connection with all the principal townships, and on the shores of the bays and rivers. The amount of land thus reserved for farming will be almost unlimited, the law providing for a continuous supply, and that the quantity of land in each agricultural reserve shall be always kept five thousand acres ahead of the demand.

The terms of occupancy are easy, and must prove very attractive to the intending emigrant farmer. Although not nominally reduced to the low price which obtains in the United States and in Canada, the land is in reality cheaper on the Queensland reserves. A man purchasing forty acres, at the price of £1 an acre, for £40, may claim, in addition, one hundred and twenty acres, which he may hold for five years, at the nominal rent of 6d. per acre, with a right of pre-emption over the whole or part—that is, during any period of the five years the occupant may purchase any part of the whole one hundred and twenty acres, at the upset price of £1; which is, in effect, giving him that quantity of land on credit for five years; and after that period he pays only the ordinary Australian upset price of £1 per acre, after he has been realising the returns from his crops during that lengthened time, the profit of which will be more than sufficient to pay for the fee-simple of the soil. The only conditions imposed are actual residence on the land, and that a substantial fence be put round it in eighteen months. No land tax, or any charges whatever, beyond the 6d. an acre rent, are imposed.

To immigrants from Europe further inducements are offered. These, if they have paid their own passage out, are entitled to free grants of good land, to be selected by them in any district of the colony, to the amount of £30 sterling for each adult, and a like extent for every two children between the ages of four and fourteen years; children under four years not counting, those above fourteen counting as adults. This regulation entitles persons arriving in the colony at their own expense to land on the following scale, viz.:—

Man and wife	£60 worth of land
(Say) 4 children over 14 years	120 " "
(Say) 4 children between 4 and 14	60 " "

that is, a total amount of land orders to the value of £240 will be granted to a man with his wife and a family of eight children.

BRISBANE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Darling Downs, in the neighbourhood of Brisbane, which were so named in honour of General Darling, a former Governor of New

South Wales, were discovered in 1827. These table-lands are about 120 miles in length and about 50 miles wide. They are thus described by the discoverer:—"These extensive tracts of clear pastoral country commence about the parallel of 28° south latitude. Deep ponds, supported by streams, from the high lands immediately to the westward, extend along their central lower flats. The lower grounds, thus permanently watered, present flats which furnish an almost inexhaustible range of cattle pasture at all seasons of the year, the grass and herbage generally exhibiting in the depth of winter an extreme luxuriance of growth. From these central grounds rise downs of a rich black and dry soil, and very ample surface, and as they furnish abundance of grass, and are conveniently watered, yet perfectly beyond the reach of those floods which take place on the flats in a season of rain, they constitute a valuable and sound sheep pasture, with a most beautifully diversified landscape, made up of hill and dale, woodland and plain." The Darling Downs may very properly be termed the Garden of Australia; and although the greater portion of it may be by nature designed for pastoral purposes, yet a vast number of acres must soon be covered with corn and beautified with luxuriant orchards and gardens. A long strip of country, from fourteen to fifteen miles in width, as it is termed, *within the influence of the range*, is visited by regular rains, is intersected by numerous watercourses, lightly timbered, and capable of producing not only wheat and other cereals, but almost all the choicest English fruits in great perfection and abundance.

The uppermost view on page 328 shows, on the extreme left, Fortitude Valley, a suburb of the town of Brisbane, which is distant about twelve miles from the bay. The white house on the hill is the residence of the Hon. Dr. Fullerton; and the next building of importance is the old Government House, situated almost immediately behind the little Gothic chapel, which the reader will not fail to recognise. The building in course of erection is the Normal School; and opposite to it, on the other side of the river, is Kangaroo Point, most beautifully situated and rapidly becoming a favourite place of residence with the colonists. The view next takes in the town of Brisbane. The large white building in the distance is the new Government House; close to it are the botanical gardens. Our Second View is a continuation of the first, and shows, on the opposite bank of the river (which is here about 700 yards broad), the town of South Brisbane. It is, we hear, in contemplation to erect a handsome bridge to connect the north and south towns. The sheet of water in the foreground of this view is the reservoir which supplies Brisbane with water. The building on the extreme right is the gaol, behind which is a series of hills known as Taylor's Ranges.

We are indebted for the very beautiful photograph from which our Engravings have been made to the Rev. J. R. Moffatt, Parliamentary Librarian to the Government of Queensland. This reached us through the agency of Messrs. F. Mangles and Co., of Gresham House, agents to the colony.

THE POLICE AMALGAMATION BILL.—A great City meeting in opposition to the Government measure of police amalgamation was held on Tuesday. It was one of the most numerous gatherings that has been held for years, and comprised, with scarcely a single exception, every man who is in the habit of taking an interest in City affairs. On this occasion the party distinctions of Liberal and Conservative were fused in the higher feeling of "citizen." The Lord Mayor presided, and the principal speakers were Mr. Crawford and Mr. Western Wood, the City members, Mr. Norris, M.P., Mr. S. Morley, Mr. Moore, Mr. Fowler, &c. The resolutions were carried by acclamation, and the spirit shown by the meeting was such as will probably induce Sir George Grey to withdraw his hand as quickly and as quietly as possible from the hornet's nest into which he has incautiously thrust it.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The exhibition of sculpture by the Royal Horticultural Society, at South Kensington, was opened on Tuesday. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and suite attended just before the public opening for a private view. Having devoted about an hour to the inspection of the exhibition, they went into the great building of the International Exhibition. Before leaving the sculpture exhibition, however, His Royal Highness was shown the statue of her Majesty the Queen, by Mr. Joseph Durham, now on view by permission of his Royal Highness, and stationed in the front of the conservatory. The sculpture is arranged in the conservatory and the corridors leading to it, and among them will be found a statue of Ophelia, and a group entitled "The Young Briton" by Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A.; a bust of the late Lord Chancellor Truro, and other pieces, by Mr. A. H. Weekes, R.A.; and there are contributions also by Messrs. J. H. Foley, R.A.; E. B. Stephens, F. W. Woodington, P. McDowell, R.A.; Joseph Durham, J. S. Westmacott, Baron Marochetti, Edward Davies, F. M. Miller, E. G. Papworth, M. Noble, and many others.

THE YELVERTON CASE.—The appeal of Major Yelverton from the decision of the Scotch Courts, which found that Theresa Longworth was his legal wife, is not likely to be heard before the House of Lords this Session. It seems that the appellant was not ready with his case, and petitioned for further time, which he is the more likely to obtain as there are already a good many appeals before the House, and this celebrated case will, therefore, probably be ordered to stand over till next Session.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the frequent successes of the insurgents they have lately lost several of their most efficient leaders, and the signs of mourning darken every Polish family, one or other of whose members has died in the cause of his country.

Padlewski, whose portrait we published in a recent number, is a prisoner in the citadel at Warsaw. Langiewicz, who stated that he would no longer be bound by his parole, had organised a method of escape, but has been discovered and taken back to prison. Benkowski is still enjoying the partial liberty accorded to him under his first promise of inactivity. Frankowski fell amongst the first victims of the outbreak. Mielnicki is so badly wounded that he will be incapable of active service. A mass for poor Cieszkowski, and those who fell with him in his last battle, was celebrated only a few days ago at the Church of the Carmelites in Cracow.

Numbers of young men, the pride and flower of Poland, have bravely met their death in the recent attacks upon the Russian forces at different parts of the country. Amongst these was the young Ostrowski, a cousin of the Marchioness Wielopolska; and every day since his funeral the church doors have been placarded with the names of those who have fallen.

The Chaplain of Gregowicz's detachment was mortally wounded at Szklary. Further in the interior, in the district of Plock, young Sieminski, the son of Lucian Sieminski, the poet, has been killed. He had walked fifty miles to join his comrades, was wounded in his first engagement, and, having retreated to a country house, where he lay wounded with three companions, was betrayed by a German colonist, who brought the Russians to the door. Sieminski and his friends defended themselves as long as possible against numbers, but they were at last massacred, and the house and grounds were laid waste. The small corps under Mossakowski, which entered the kingdom by Kobelane, has been surprised and partially destroyed. It was supposed at first that as many as fifty men had been killed, but thirty-five of the missing number have since appeared on the other side of the frontier. Among the fallen is a young Hungarian, formerly in the service of Garibaldi, who is said by an eyewitness to have fought "like a tiger," and to have dispatched a great number of Russians with his own hand before he received his deathblow.

During the mass for Cieszkowski not only was the church crowded, but the large open space in front was also filled by persons in black, or in black edged with white, the deepest mourning in Poland that can be worn. The seven coffins were covered with a significant red cloth. The ceremony was a very painful one, and had more of a public than a private character, from the fact that numbers of those present had evidently lost relatives of their own. The congregation was composed of persons of all classes, including a great many peasants.

There is no abatement of the national spirit, however. The hospital surgeons say that the young men who are lying wounded are so eager to get back to their detachments that their minds are never at peace, and that their restoration to health is delayed in consequence.

The barbarous ferocity of the Cossacks is also unabated. In a recent encounter at Babice, near Warsaw, the Poles had seventy-two men killed, and the Russians rather more than half that number. The Poles were stripped to the skin and their bodies terribly mutilated by the savage Cossacks, or rather by the Cossack savages. Before the corpses of the hapless patriots, the majority of whom had not attained their eighteenth year, were committed to the grave they were decently covered by the poor people who live in the neighbourhood



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN RUSSIAN TROOPS AND INSURGENTS IN THE FOREST OF BAMPINOX, NEAR WARSAW.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. LALLEMAND.)

of Budy Zaborovo, which is on the road leading from Warsaw to Kalisch.

It is curious to remark the wonderful ingenuity with which Russia has created enemies for herself in Poland. The Lithuanian peasants took no very active part in the insurrection of 1830-1. Thereupon the Government—forgetting that no serious appeal had been made to the peasantry in any part of the country by the aristocratic and military chiefs who directed the movement—took it for granted that the great mass of the Lithuanians might easily be turned into perfect Russians in a religious as well as a political sense. They were commanded to change their religion, and beaten until they obeyed; and since the persecutions of 1833 the Russians have always congratulated themselves that in Lithuania at least they were firmly established, whatever might be the case in Poland Proper. It now appears that, owing to these very persecutions, Lithuania is the only part of the ancient Republic in which the peasants have made common cause with the upper classes.

The National Government has issued a secret order, in which it pronounces very strongly against retiring into Galicia under any circumstances. Visitors from Lithuania and from the interior of the kingdom have said for some time past that the mode of warfare kept up on the Galician frontier, however pleasant, is not useful. If the insurgents meet with greatly superior numbers they retreat to Austrian territory, and if they fall in with Austrian soldiers—which they are pretty sure to do—they are disarmed. The band, on the other hand, which are far from any place of refuge except the mountains and the woods, fight to the last, and wherever they go at least take their arms with them.

Domiciliary visits continue to be made every night in Cracow. At all well-regulated hotels the proprietors know beforehand at what time the police may be expected, and the waiters go round in the various rooms whispering in a mysterious voice, "Revision! Take care of your papers." Between six and seven o'clock in the morning—as soon as the outer door of the hotel is open, so that people can get in without knocking—a party of Austrian police make their appearance, and demand admission into each room in succession.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WARSAW.

Occupying an intermediate position between the Russian



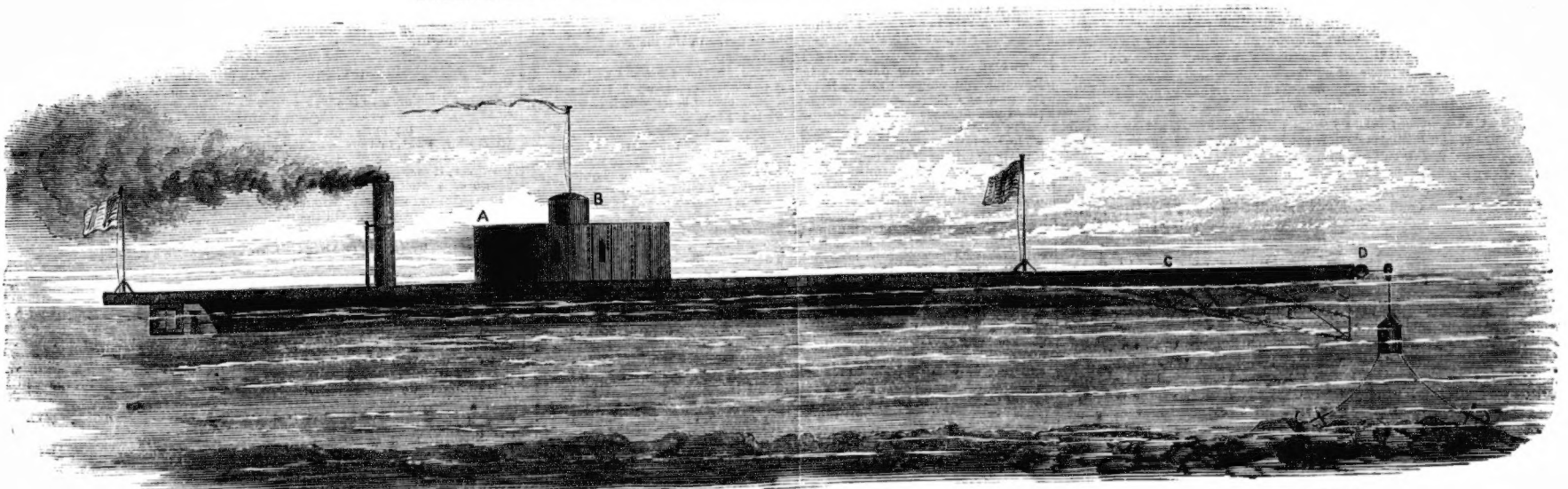
MONSIEUR FELINSKI, ARCHBISHOP OF WARSAW.

Government and the Poles, Monsignor Felinski, the Archbishop of Warsaw, has long had a difficult part to perform. With a sincere love for his country, and yet with a desire for conciliation rather than violence, he has frequently laid himself open to the suspicions of the more ardent patriots, and at the same time has only succeeded in occasionally smeliorating the distresses caused by oppression. Son of the celebrated Eve Felinski, the exile whose name has been so long revered in Poland, he has evinced a nationality which perhaps only the consciousness of his sacred office has kept within the bounds of quiet endeavour, one effort of which was to plead the cause of his country at Rome. Recent events, however, have given him a prominence which must eventually place him beyond the possibility of useless concessions. The Government having forbidden the religious processions which usually take place at this time of the year, the Archbishop protested against the prohibition, and, upon the people forming a procession, the priests and many other persons taking part in it were arrested.

Since this the Archbishop Felinski has been confined to his palace, and fourteen Canons have been arrested. An Archbishop has also been arrested in Sagnogitia, a part of Lithuania which, it is said, since its comparatively recent conversion to Christianity, always has been Catholic. This has excited much indignation; but the last measures of the Russian Government are also looked upon as signs of a kind of madness which may well lead to a catastrophe. The cause or pretext for the arrest was the refusal of the clergy either to forbid or to abstain from assisting in the procession in honour of the festival of St. Mark. The Archbishop was not present at the ceremony, but wrote to the Government to say that he held himself responsible for its having taken place. When the news of the arrest of the Canons and of the detention of the Archbishop in his palace reached St. Petersburg, orders were sent back to liberate them at once; but it has been proved that the Russian Government at Warsaw does not see any impropriety in subjecting the clergy of the country to the orders of the police, and that fact of itself is important. The Archbishop of Warsaw, from being one of the most unpopular, is fast becoming one of the most popular men of the day, so thoroughly does the Russian Government understand the act of turning even its fancied supporters into its open and declared enemies.



POLISH INSURGENTS ATTACKING A RUSSIAN CONVOY AT KOSLOWA-RUDA, LITHUANIA.



(A) TURRET. (B) PILOT-HOUSE. (C) RAFT. (D) INFERNAL MACHINE. (E) TORPEDO-CATCHER.

THE AMERICAN IRONCLAD WEBHAWKEN SHOWING ITS RAFT, INFERNAL-MACHINE, AND TORPEDO-CATCHER.—SEE PAGE 334.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 210.

CHURCH RATES.

THE debate and division on church rates have become an annual exhibition. We look for it, and prepare for it, and bet on it as racing men anticipate and bet on the Derby. Nobody now expects that anything important will really come of this annual fight. If the Liberals win, "my Lords" throw out the bill. If the Conservatives get the victory, "my Lords" are saved the trouble. It is simply a trial of strength. This year the numbers were—For the bill, 275; against, 285: majority, 10. Last year the numbers were—For, 286; against, 287: majority, 1. In 1861—for, 274; against, 274; and the Speaker gave his casting vote against the bill. The enemies of the bill would, therefore, seem to be gaining ground. But we ought carefully to analyse the division-lists before we thus decide. It may be a mere accident that gave the Conservatives this majority of ten, and next year the decision by an accident may be reversed. With the tellers, 564 members were present. One hundred men were therefore absent. Who can tell how all these hundred would have voted if they had been present? A leader of the Conservative party informs us that he believes that the House is about equally divided upon this question, and that it is a mere accident that gives one side or the other a majority. There is, however, thus much, we think, to be said on this subject. The opponents of the bill are far more in earnest, as a rule, than the supporters are. All the opponents of the bill are sincere in their opposition, and need but little persuasion to come and vote. But we doubt whether this can be said of its supporters. Most of them, we should say, come because they are urged on by their Dissenting constituents; and, besides this, it is known that many of the supporters of the bill vote for it, not really to get church rates entirely swept away, but to compel a compromise. Sir George Grey is one of these, and Lord Palmerston is another. Indeed, the old Whigs generally vote upon this principle.

THE FIGHT.

The house was but thinly attended when Sir John Trelawny rose to make his annual speech, and there was no coherence in it until four o'clock. The weather outside was splendid, and there was a Prince of Wales's levée that day at Marlborough House; and so it came to pass that, what with the attractions of business, the weather, and the levée, the House for four hours was in a very fluctuating condition. Sometimes there would be a hundred members present; anon there were not more than forty. It is questionable whether ten men heard the speech of Sir John or that of his antagonist, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, throughout. "Why should we stop? Have we not heard all this before, *usque ad nauseam*? And then, as to the division, it has been settled by compact that it is not to come off till half-past four. But how is the time between now and half-past four to be occupied? We must take care that we do not have a snap division before the time." "Oh, there is no fear of that; Trelawny is good for an hour, Hardy for as long as you please: he can talk for a week, if necessary. Besides, there are Whiteside and Manners in reserve. Why, there is a reserve of talking power sufficient to keep the House till midnight. So, come along; we are safe for three hours at least. You are for the Row; I'm for the levée. The Mayor of my borough is up to present an address, and, of course, I must look after him. You are a county man, and have no Mayor to bother you." But, though the House thus fluctuated, there were always watchful sentinels at the door. For the Conservatives, the whips of the party kept watch and ward. For the anti-church-rate men, Sir Charles Douglas was the sentinel. The regular Government whips do not act professionally in these church-rate struggles, as it is not a Government question. Still, voluntarily and under the rose, they render valuable assistance, no doubt. At four o'clock we saw another sight, for then the time was drawing nigh, and members were coming up in a continual stream. Some of them were anxious to hasten a division. But, honour bright! The compact had been made, and must be kept. "The rules of the House," as Mr. Bouverie said on another occasion, "were made by gentlemen for gentlemen;" and, however tempting may be our position, we must take no mean advantage of our opponents. And so, although at 4.15 the Conservatives had much the strongest muster, Lord John Manners arose to prolong the debate, according to the arrangement. His Lordship was not listened to, though; for, albeit the House was full and the Conservatives had a majority, there was no inclination to listen to speeches. Indeed, there was such a rustling and buzz of talk throughout the House, that Lord John, if his object had been to debate the question, might as well have sat down. But this was not his object. His purpose was to stave off the division until half-past four, and, having accomplished this and got fairly over the half hour by some five or ten minutes, he resumed his seat quite satisfied. After him rose Lord Alfred Churchill, and Mr. Walter and Mr. Newdegate; but these the impatient members—the set time having come, and both parties having got up their forces—would not tolerate. Mr. Newdegate, with his sonorous voice and emphatic action, can generally conquer in such a struggle as this; but on this occasion he failed, and after a few sentences was obliged to give way before the storm and allow the division to take place. And now Mr. Speaker is on his legs putting the question. Anon the doorkeeper shouts "Division!" the galvanic battery connected with the bells is discharged, in every department the tinkling summons is heard to call the members to divide; and then there comes from every quarter an onward rush to the door. "How is it to go? How many men have you up?" said an active Liberal to the Conservative whip as the two entered the House. "Two hundred and seventy odd." "Then you will beat us; for we have only some two hundred and eighty of our side, and a dozen of them, at least, will go against us." And so it turned out, as all outside knew before the door was opened, for there was no mistaking that cheer—none but country gentlemen ever cheered like that; and thus the fight ended for this year. Next year it will be renewed; not, however, with Sir John Trelawny for commander-in-chief of the anti-church-rate forces. Not in very good health, and having, as he thinks, done his duty towards his Dissenting friends, he retires. It is said that Sir Charles Douglas will take the post. Sir Charles is a zealous supporter of the bill, and a man of singular energy and strong will. It is questionable, however, whether the party will ever again get so able and efficient a leader as Sir John. He was so politic, so courteous to his opponents, so wise in his generation. *

A PLANT.

Mr. Collins—Tom Collins, as he is familiarly called in the House—after having achieved victories in not a few small skirmishes, has suddenly come to grief. Before Easter he introduced a bill which he entitled "Borough Residences—Uniform Measurement Bill." The object of the bill was to take the measure of the radius within which freemen and others may vote from the boundaries of the boroughs instead of the centres. A simple object, according to Mr. Collins, but very insidious when looked at closely; for, by enlarging the radius, it is obvious that you would add a number of rural voters of the lowest kind, and all more or less under the influence of the lords of the soil, to every borough-list of voters in the kingdom; nevertheless, and notwithstanding the opposition of Government and the Liberal party, Mr. Collins carried the second reading of his bill by a large majority. But when the bill came on for Committee Mr. Collins, having laid an ingenious snare for his foes, fell into it himself and lost his bill. The case was this: The bill was on the paper for Thursday, the 30th of April. Thursday is a Government night—e.g., a night on which Government business takes precedence of all other. On this night there was a good deal of Government business on the paper, and Mr. Collins went away, thinking himself safe until ten or half-past, and having, as was understood by some, arranged with his friends that he would certainly not bring on his bill before ten; and "so they wrapped it up." "You may go away. If the bill should be called before ten, it will be postponed. This, however, is hardly likely, as the Government business will most probably last till twelve." A very good arrangement, but courtesy required that it should have been made known on both sides. This, however, was not done. The arrangement was whispered amongst the supporters of the bill, but no message was sent to the whips of the party. Well, at 9.30 the Government business had unexpectedly been cleared off, and

Mr. Collins's bill was called, and then this happened. The Liberals, having had no notice about the arrangement, and perhaps smelling a rat, were down in great force; whilst neither Collins was there nor his men in any considerable number. Whereupon, seeing the dilemma, Mr. Vance, the member for Dublin, rose and attempted, as the representative of Mr. Collins, to postpone the bill; but the bill was an order of the day—that is, the property of the House—and it was for the House to say, and not Mr. Collins or his representative, whether the bill should be postponed. And as the Liberal party saw, or thought they saw, some signs of "duckhunting," as one phrased it, and knowing further that they had a large majority, they were not disposed to allow the bill to be postponed.

MR. MCCANN SEES IT.

Thus, then, the matter stood, when suddenly rose, from his place below the gangway, Mr. McCann, the member for Drogheda—Drogheda on the Boyne—close to the spot where William's famous victory was won. Now, Drogheda has a nice little constituency of some 600 voters, and it probably occurred to Mr. McCann that the enlargement of his snug borough might endanger his seat; and so, seeing how the land lay, he rose, and in his rich Irish brogue—the richest specimen of the true Milesian that we hear in the House—moved that "the order be discharged," or, in plain words, obliterated from the paper; that the bill be strangled, in short. And then there came a row. Crimination, recrimination, and all sorts of hard words flew about the house like brickbats when two opposing mobs are engaged in a street collision.

Meanwhile the Conservatives were not inactive. When the bill was called, Mr. Collins was immediately sent for, and messengers were also dispatched to the Carlton and all the other clubs where Conservatives "most do congregate" to muster the friends of the bill; whilst inside the house arrangements were promptly improvised to talk on until the scattered forces could be brought up. Vance made a speech, and Mr. Hunt, the member for Northamptonshire, and sundry others. But, talk as they would, the case began to look bad, when suddenly Collins himself stumbled, in his loose, shambling way, into the house. He was greeted with loud cheers by his friends, and with bursts of laughter by his foes; and well might they laugh, for never did poor wight look more forlorn and bewildered than he did when, glancing round, he saw the compact phalanx of his enemies and the gapped and broken ranks of his friends. However, after a few minutes he recovered himself, measured the gravity of his position, and rose, determined to do all that man could do to recover his lost ground. His duty, he saw, was to talk—talk for an hour, or even two hours, to allow time for the scouts to get up his men; and straightway he began, and, nothing daunted by the gibes and howlings which fell upon him like hail, he kept upon his legs for an hour and a half by the clock. "But," we think we hear some reader say, "we saw little of this in the papers. Mr. Collins's speech there only occupied about fifty lines." True, and for this reason. The speech was simply unportable. It was the most inconsequential stuff—the most utter nonsense—that was ever uttered in the House. And besides, such was the storm of groans and all imaginable cries which filled the house whilst he was upon his legs, that very little of what he said could possibly be heard in the reporters' gallery. However, bravely as Mr. Collins addressed himself to his task, his efforts were in vain. He was obliged to sit down at last. A division then could not be staved off longer; and, when the numbers were declared, Mr. Collins found that his bill was lost by a majority of 43. Poor Tom! This bill was a darling bantling of his, and he must have gone home with no pleasant feelings when he reflected that by his own mismanagement he had lost his child.

GLADSTONE'S GREAT ORATION.

The next event of the past week worthy our notice is Gladstone's speech on the taxing of charities. Ah! reader, you should have heard that speech. Our opinion is that, excepting always his great Budget speech of 1861 and his Italian speech, this was the grandest oration that he has ever delivered. Three times did the hands of the dial traverse the circle from the time when he rose to the time when he sat down, and all that time he held the House in rapt attention. And, mark you, he had an unwilling audience; for certainly four-fifths of the members were against his proposition, or, perhaps we ought to say, meant to vote against it. But, willing or unwilling, all sat out the time, listened without break of attention, and, for the most part, kept their eyes without winking upon the orator; and when he sat down there were but few who could withhold a cheer.

The Prince and Princess of Wales heard this speech. The Princess and suite sat in Lady Charlotte Denison's box; the Prince, with the Duke of St. Albans and Lord Alfred Paget, sat in the Ambassadors' Gallery. His Royal Highness slid into the House without any State, passing through the crowded lobby so swiftly and silently that very few recognised him. It was his wish to enter thus unobserved.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 1.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Vice-Admiralty Courts Bill was read a second time. On the motion of Earl Granville, the orders for the commitment of several railway bills in connection with the metropolis were discharged, and the fees incurred in respect to the bills were ordered to be remitted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House of Commons did not sit. At four o'clock only thirty-six members were present, and the Speaker declared the House adjourned to Monday.

MONDAY, MAY 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Chelmsford moved to recommit the Albert Bridge Bill, the preamble of which had been rejected by the Select Committee to whom it had been referred, on the ground that it was not desirable to sanction the construction of any further toll-exacting bridges over the Thames. After a lengthened discussion, the motion was negatived by 40 to 29. The other bills on the table were advanced a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CITY POLICE BILL.

Sir G. GREY, in answer to Sir J. Duke, stated that as the bill for the amalgamation of the City and metropolitan police proposed to repeal a part of the City Act, which was a local measure, the examiner of private bills had reported that the standing order, which required notice to be given of such a bill in November, had not been complied with. The measure had also been referred to the Standing Orders Committee, and until they had made their report no further steps would be taken in the matter.

WAYS AND MEANS.

The House having gone into Committee on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, clauses 1 and 2, imposing the income tax upon trades, professions, and property, were agreed to. On clause 3, by which it was proposed to charge charitable institutions with the tax,

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER observed that the question which he wished to raise was, whether the law should be changed which gave an immunity to all charitable bequests. He confessed he could not see upon what grounds that special exemption was to be made, although he was quite prepared to modify the clause so as to prevent the tax falling upon funds which were disposed of in the shape of salary. He was prepared to say that nineteen-twentieths of the charities which it was proposed to tax were derived from death-bequests. The income of the country, as gathered from the income-tax returns, was about 180 or 190 millions a year, of which about three millions belonged to charities. Those charities he divided into three classes—the small, the middling, and the great. With regard to the first mentioned, he had no hesitation in saying that, so far from being valuable, they were positively pernicious, by tending to pauperise the people and destroy their sense of independence and self-reliance. Of the middle charities a favourable type was to be found in the Clergy Orphan School, which had an income of £5000 a year, and which it was proposed should be taxed at £145 a year. The persons who supplied clergy orphans were poor clergymen, and it was proposed by the present scheme of the Government to remit taxation in favour of that class to the extent of £7000 a year. The institution called Christ's Hospital was an apt illustration of the great charities. It enjoyed public contributions to the extent of £6000 a year, and it had an income of at least £70,000. It was originally intended for "sick, sore, and destitute children," but such were not the class who were now admitted to its benefits. On the contrary, the present inmates were the children of persons with incomes of from £200 to £500 a year, while the governors, in return for a payment of £500, received a vested interest in 1600 presentations. It

had been urged that if charities were taxed 500 in-patients would be deprived of the benefits of St. Bartholomew's Hospital alone. The revenue of that institution was £36,000 a year; and, after deducting the income tax paid by the officers, the sum which the State would take from the hospital would be £850 a year. This, however, was but a partial return for the advantages which the income tax had conferred upon the hospital. In concluding, the right hon. gentleman observed that the Government did not wish to press the measure on an adverse House, rather they desired to defer to its opinion; but, in doing so, they reserved to themselves the power of considering in what way the subject ought hereafter to be dealt with, in case the House should not now be disposed to accept it; but they did press it on the House as a measure that was agreeable to every principle of sound administration which had uniformly governed the proceedings of Parliament for more than twenty years past, as just to the tax-paying community, and above all just to the labouring poor, for the elevation of their character as well as the improvement of their condition; and, so regarding it, he commended it to the justice, the equity, the courage, and the wisdom of the House of Commons.

After an interesting and animated debate, clause 3, containing the proposition to tax charities, was negatived without a division.

TUESDAY, MAY 5.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE CONTINENTAL MAIL SERVICE.

Lord CHELMSFORD inquired if the Government had accepted a tender from the Belgian Government for the conveyance of the English mails between Dover and Ostend; whether any alteration was contemplated in the mail service between Dover and Calais; and if any failure on the part of Mr. Churchward, the contractor, had rendered a change necessary.

Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY stated that an agreement had been made with the Belgian Government at a very reduced rate, conditional upon Parliament finding money to buy up Mr. Churchward's contract. If it did not, then the service would go on as at present for the period of the contract.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE EDUCATION GRANT.

Mr. WALTER moved two resolutions to the effect that the sums voted by Parliament for education ought to be applicable to all poorer schools not private schools, or carried on for profit, in which the attendance and examination exhibit the results required under the Revised Code.

The motion was seconded by Mr. BUXTON.

Mr. LOWE said he did not intend to raise any objection to the proposal on the ground of the vested rights of the certificated teachers, but because he believed that if it were agreed to the whole system of national education would degenerate into a mere scramble for public money.

After a lengthy debate the first resolution was withdrawn, and the second was negatived by 152 votes to 117.

THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

Mr. E. P. BOUVIERIE obtained leave to introduce a bill to amend the Act of Uniformity, by which all prebends, canons, and fellows of colleges were compelled to subscribe a declaration adopting the liturgy of the Established Church. He sought to abolish this declaration in the case of fellows. It was understood that ample time would be given for considering the provisions of the measure before it was further proceeded with.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CHURCH RATES.

Mr. NEWDEGATE moved the second reading of his Church Rates Commutation Bill; and in doing so observed that the question had now reached a point when Parliament ought to consider the possibility of supplying a substitute for the charge suitable to the circumstances of the times and in accordance with the fact that one-third of the population had ceased to be members of the Established Church. Regarding church rates, then, as a charge upon the land, in which view he was supported by the declarations of the late Sir R. Peel, Mr. Whittle Harvey, and Mr. Goulburn, he proposed to remove all personal liability, to acknowledge and confirm the right of the parishioners to that proportion of the gross value of the real property in each parish which, being beyond the rent paid to the landlord, had always been reserved for church rates, to exempt all parishes in which church rates had not been levied for seven years from the charge on real property reserved by the bill for the use of the parishioners, to empower two-thirds of the ratepayers to apply to the Court of Quarter Sessions to cancel the exemption of their parish, and make the charge available to them, thus recognising the parishioners' right to the property whenever they chose to claim it, and to provide for the eventual commutation of the charge to be substituted for church rate into an endowment, the proceeds of which should be applicable to the purposes of church rate.

S. C. DOUGLAS moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months, which, after some discussion, was carried by a majority of 94 to 66.

Mr. ALCOCK then introduced another bill, which proposed to enable persons to redeem church rates in the same way as the land tax is now redeemed; but this measure was also negatived, after a debate, by 81 to 72.

SECURITY FROM VIOLENCE.

The House then went into Committee on the Security from Violence Bill, which seeks to introduce flogging as a punishment in cases of crimes of violence. A long fight took place on the clauses, but eventually the bill passed through Committee.

THURSDAY, MAY 7.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

CORRUPT PRACTICES AT ELECTIONS BILL.

Earl RUSSELL moved the commitment of this bill, and in doing so entered into an explanation of its provisions, which provided that in the event of boroughs being found guilty of extensive bribery the writ might be suspended for five years, and also gave very stringent powers where individual cases were to be dealt with.

After a short discussion the House went into Committee on the bill.

Clauses up to 9 were agreed to.

A division took place on the 10th clause, giving Parliament the power to suspend the writ of a borough guilty of corrupt practices for five years.

This clause was rejected by a majority of 66.

The remaining bills upon the paper were advanced a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BRITISH KAFFRARIA AND THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In reply to Mr. A. Mills.

Mr. FORTESCUE said petitions had been presented against the amalgamation of the two colonies. After giving the matter the fullest consideration, the Government had determined that the annexation should be proceeded with.

CARLTON-TERRACE.

In answer to Sir J. Shelley, Mr. F. PEEL stated that the valuation of the vacant site was prepared in the usual way, and it had been let to the highest bidders—Messrs. Peto and Trollope—at £1400 a year. He had no objection to produce the papers.

PRISON MINISTERS BILL.

On the motion for going into Committee, Mr. R. LONG moved that the House resolved itself into Committee that day six months.

After some discussion, the amendment was negatived by a majority of 172 to 141.

The House then went into Committee on the bill.

Upon the first clause, Mr. MURE moved an amendment to exempt Scotland from the operation of the bill.

A lengthened discussion followed, which ended by a division of 96 against 55 in favour of the original clause.

The remaining clauses occupied the consideration of the Committee up to near midnight.

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.—A Polish proprietor, in the kingdom, was summoned not long since before a Russian General, charged with having rendered assistance to the insurgents, and solemnly cautioned against doing so again. The proprietor explained his position. "If," he said, "the insurgents come to my place and ask for horses, carts, and corn I must give them what they want, or they will hang me. If, on the other hand, I let them have anything more than I am actually forced to give, you will hang me. However, if they hang me my son will never find a wife in Poland nor my daughter a husband, and fifty years after my death people will turn their backs upon my children; whereas, if you hang me, I shall have monuments erected to my memory. On the whole, then, as a mere matter of calculation, I cannot refuse assistance to the insurgents."

THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY.—The foundation-stone of the new railway bridge across the Thames, in connection with the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, was laid on Saturday by Lord Sondes, in the presence of a numerous company. The bridge crosses the Thames a few yards only from the site of Blackfriars Bridge, and is to consist of five arches. Besides Lord Sondes, who is chairman of the company, there were also Lord Harris, the vice-chairman, Mr. Cubitt, the engineer, Sir Morton Peto, &c. The block of stone was about five tons weight. After the ceremony a collation took place, at which all prosperity was wished and anticipated for the new railway. It is expected that the bridge will be opened for traffic in May next year.

THE SUNDAY BANDS IN THE PARKS.—The eighth season of the performance of these bands in Regent's and Victoria Parks opened on Sunday with the greatest success. The audience in Victoria Park was large, but in Regent's Park 100,000 are estimated to have been present. The Chief Commissioner and several members of Parliament witnessed the good order which prevailed throughout. The new platform was used for the first time, and its great superiority, in acoustic properties as well as in appearance, to the old was the subject of general remark.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

POTTER DECLARES FOR THE NORTH.

Of all the carefully-planned devices by which the leaders of the Northern party in the present American struggle have demonstrated its arrogant pretence and pitiable feebleness, there are none in which the hopelessness of the faction is brought more vividly before the English eye than its attempt to secure or retain moral support and popular sympathy from the British public. That such support and such sympathy are considered most desirable is sufficiently proved by the eager and evident efforts made to perpetuate them. For it is undeniable that, with the exception of one or two of our journals renowned for political judgment and foresight, the sympathies of all England, so far as her press could expound them, were originally upon the side of the North.

There were two reasons for this—firstly, the war was believed to be an anti-slavery demonstration on the part of the Free States; secondly, British sentiment is naturally upon the side of law and order, and, as a consequence, of established Governments, unless these latter are clearly shown to be inimical to the continuance of the former.

The attitude of the Confederates quickly demonstrated that their object was not one of mere riotous disobedience. It was temperate, united, and courageous; displaying not turbulent faction, but deliberate statesmanship. It was secession, not rebellion. Whatever sympathies England might have entertained on behalf of the abolition of slavery as a principle, were placed beside the question by the avowal of President Lincoln himself that the object of the North was Union, whether with or without the continuance of negro bondage. We were therefore free to regard the question upon its merits, as between belligerents. The conduct of the war by the North has been utterly antagonistic to all English feeling. We have witnessed the malignant but abortive attempt to destroy for ever the harbour of Charleston by a stone fleet, the atrocities of Butler, the wretched panic of Bull Run, the infamous declaration that quinine and other medicaments for the sick and wounded were to be considered as contraband of war. Meanwhile the South has fought bravely, wisely, and successfully, in despite of apparently overwhelming odds. Without a navy it has set at nought the entire fleet of the North, and has again and again driven its armies to acknowledge disaster and defeat. Our journals, which are no less the indices than the exponents of public opinion, have almost one by one acknowledged the justice of the Southern cause. The most ultra-Radical organ of all our press was the first to urge the breaking of the Northern blockade as a remedy for the distresses of our own manufacturing districts; and opinion generally has been awakened to the insincerity of the bulk of the Northern people on the subject of Slavery, and to the utter hopelessness of the attempt at conquest in which they are engaged.

And now, we are called upon to believe that the industrial community of this kingdom is heart and soul with the North. Of all persons in the world to teach us this are wise Mr. Potter and his colleagues! Potter,—who headed the movement which forced thousands of working men out of employment; left them after many idle months in *statu quo*, minus all the cost, anxiety, and privation of the struggle; and consoled them ultimately with the lying boast of a victory. The leaders of the trades unions, of that organisation which by confederacy, threats, and violence (proved repeatedly in our police courts) has striven to level the industrious, ingenious artisan with the sottish, idle, improvident, and thickheaded of his fellow-labourers, have held their public meetings in favour of the still United States. They have got up their deputation, which no working man dared to oppose under certain peril of being deprived of his means of bread, to call upon Mr. Adams to assure him of the sympathy of the whole labouring class of England. We wish the North joy of such sympathisers thus obtained and thus represented. Surely, Mr. Adams must know, from his English experiences, how such meetings and such deputations can be contrived and got up. We cannot imagine him to be ignorant of their worthlessness; and we can scarcely conceive a more palpable indication of the utter rottenness and hopelessness of the Northern cause than its reliance upon, or even its adoption of, the visionary support to be obtained from such sources.

DEATH OF LORD HATHERTON.—The death of Lord Hatherton, which occurred on Monday, at Teddesley Park, Penkridge, is an event of no common moment, not only as regards the county of Stafford, of which his Lordship was Lord Lieutenant, but in relation to the great trading and commercial interests of the midland counties generally. As a public man, we may truly state that his loss is irreparable, so far as any local substitute for the place of a nobleman who ever, throughout half a century, in the two Houses of Parliament, devoted himself unremittently to the public concerns of the county of Stafford and its adjacent agricultural and manufacturing districts. His Lordship was a man of rare industry, sound judgment, and singular experience. He was not a party man, in the ordinary political sense of the term. Although for years past consistently attached to the Whigs, and in 1833 holding office under the late Earl Grey, his Lordship, when in the Commons, was the representative of his entire constituency—exclusively devoted to their vast and complicated interests. In the business of the great mineral and manufacturing interests committed to his public care, or on which his opinion was sought, he recognised no political distinctions. Local leaders and men of all parties, political and religious, received his Lordship's equal attention; and, socially, all were kindly and hospitably received as guests of his mansion-house. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son, the Hon. Colonel Littleton, the late member for Walsall, and Colonel of the Queen's Own Staffordshire Militia.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

It is not as yet definitely arranged what day this month the Queen and some of the youthful members of the Royal family leave for Balmoral, to pass a few weeks at the Royal Highland residence. The 12th inst. was originally stated, but now the 14th is named.

LADY BEATRICE VIOLET GRAHAM, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, is about to be married to Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, Bart., of Downland Court, Glamorganshire.

ADMIRALS SIR F. AUSTEN and **SIR W. PARKER** have been appointed Admirals of the Fleet, and in consequence a number of promotions have taken place.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, it appears, do not intend to visit the Emperor and Empress of the French at Fontainebleau, the report current to that effect being devoid of foundation.

GENERAL GARIBOLDI, a letter from Caprera states, is to return to the Continent about the middle of May to complete his cure at some of the watering-places.

THE CLYDE STEAMERS Lord Clyde, Jupiter, and Juno are said to have been purchased for blockade service.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION is largely on the increase in Ireland.

ORDERS, it is stated, have been received in Africa for the recall and breaking up of the Livingston expedition.

PITTING OF THE FACE BY SMALLPOX can be avoided by an application of indiarubber, dissolved in chloroform, and applied with a brush to the face.

A WORK has just been issued by a Paris firm which has cost £40,000 for thirty copies! It is the description, with illustrations, of the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and was ordered by him.

A YOUNG MAN, named Chastellaux, deaf and dumb, has obtained a diploma of licentiate from the Sorbonne. The examiners proposed the questions in writing and he answered them in the same manner.

AN IRISHMAN on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

LORD BROUGHAM, who, we are happy to learn, is in the best of health, intends to leave his chateau at Cannes next week for Paris; and the noble and learned Lord will probably be in London by the third week in May.

THE DISTINGUISHED POSTS OF VICE-ADMIRAL AND REAR-ADMIRAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM will, it is rumoured, very likely be conferred upon Sir Thomas John Cochrane, G.C.B., and Sir George Francis Seymour, G.C.B.

MR. CHARLES W. GLOVER, the composer of many popular songs, is dead. It is stated that he made a free gift of his once greatly popular ballad, "Jennette and Jeanot," to the publisher, and that its sale produced nearly £5000.

BLONDIN has met with immense success in Spain. After several performances in Barcelona he appeared on the 28th ult. at Valencia, before the Prince and Princess of Bavaria and thousands of spectators, when he had the honour of receiving a handsome breast-pin as a souvenir from the Prince.

THE STARS AND BARS have gone out of use by general consent as the Confederate flag, because of its too great resemblance to the Yankee concern. The crimson battle flag, with a St. Andrew's cross of blue, is in general use in the Confederate armies.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS at the South Kensington Museum was brought to a close on Monday night. Towards the end of the evening the band of the 1st Middlesex Volunteer Engineers played the Danish national air, "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the Queen."

SOME WEEKS AGO, as her Majesty's gun-boat Cygnet was cruising in the old Bahama Channel, two Federal cruisers joined company, and a shot and blank gun were fired across her bow. The Commander immediately went on board and demanded an apology, which was given.

THE PRESENT REPRESENTATIVE of the family of Washington is on the Confederate side. His name is William T. Washington, and he is remarkable as a tall man, reticent, grave, very much resembling the father of his country, and having a beautiful daughter, also of the Scotch persuasion.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT, as an acknowledgment to the Sultan for the honour of his visit, has expressed the intention of presenting to his Majesty two magnificent iron-clad frigates, the construction of which is far advanced and which will carry thirty-eight pieces of rifled cannon of the latest invention.

THE PRINCE OF WALES on Monday night visited the House of Lords, and sat for some time on the cross benches. Subsequently he went to the House of Commons, and occupied a place in the Ambassadors' Gallery. He remained during Mr. Gladstone's speech in reference to the taxation of charities. The Princess of Wales was in the Ladies' Gallery.

IN THE COURSE OF A LECTURE "On Music, in its relation to Religion," delivered the other day at Portadown, by the Rev. Mr. McKay, the lecturer denounced the practice of secular music in private or public, enlivened the genius of Handel, but deprecated his devoting that genius to compositions the performance of which drew people from the church to the concert, opera, and hall!

CAPTAIN LASCELLES WRAXALL, author of several amusing fictions, besides contributions to magazine literature, and well known as the translator of the works of M. Esquiros and other French writers, has lately succeeded to the baronetcy of his uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Lascelles Wraxall.

THE SARAH PALMER, from the East Indies, with cotton, was wrecked a few days ago on the coast of Ireland. The sailors were all got on shore, except a boat's crew, which had disappeared, and for whose safety fears were entertained. She has now turned up, having been blown down Channel, and subsequently picked up by a brig from Cardiff.

FROM A RETURN ISSUED ON SATURDAY it appears that the total amount issued from the Exchequer in 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, on account of the China War, was £4,680,000, and the expenditure was £4,552,008, leaving a balance of £128,007 in the hands of the Paymaster-General. The claims by the Indian Department, after all deductions, amounted to £1,962,852, out of which £6089 is the amount still unsettled.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES have resolved to send an agent to this country versed in maritime and international law to co-operate with Mr. Adams, the American Minister in London, in the consideration of the various questions now arising, or likely to arise, on those points between the two countries. The object is to enable such questions, in all possible cases, to be settled promptly here, instead of their being made the subject of tedious correspondence.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE third edition of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" has been out for a week or so. This, too, I have also read. Mr. Kinglake tells us in the preface that he has been engaged since the first appearance of the work in a laborious controversy with military officers; but he has not seen it necessary to make any alteration other than to insert a few corrective and explanatory notes. This is what I expected. The book has been so long in hand—Mr. Kinglake himself was with the army—had opportunities of conversing with Lord Raglan and others—has had the inspection of all the noble Lord's papers and public documents—and I never could bring myself to believe that in anything material his critics would be able to set up a serious case against his accuracy. Indeed, in conversations had with some of his opponents, I could see that his accuracy as to facts is not disputed. Their principal objection is that it was imprudent to reveal these facts. Well, that is a fault which time will cure. A fault, too, which must attach to all contemporaneous history, if honestly written. Rumour says, that besides Mr. Kinglake's labour in the way of epistolary controversy, he has had an interview with a certain high military officer, and he was, I am told, treated with great courtesy by the said high military officer; and in return offered to correct any error in fact which could be proved against his book. But as no error of the kind could be pointed out, the interview was resultless; and so the work stands as yet unscathed by all the fire of criticism which has been poured upon it.

It is refreshing to learn that the grand co-operative experiment at Rochdale, which has excited the attention of political economists all over Europe, is weathering the storm well. The trading branch of the Rochdale pioneers is prosperous as ever; and, what is more surprising, the cotton-mill is at work—i.e., indeed, working more days a week than any other mill in the place. The friends of the co-operative principle have been very anxious about this mill. Its enemies have not failed to prognosticate a collapse. "These co-operative manufacturers have no capital to fall back upon, Sir," said one to me; "they will be the first to go." But it seems that it will not be so. Under the stress of the storm, if it last, they may go; but they will be the last. The uprising, in these latter days, of this co-operative principle is one of the most surprising phenomena of the times, and points to something still more strange in the future.

Sir George Grey's police bill, it is generally thought, will not see the light of day again. It is now in the office of the Committee of Standing Orders, and, if Sir George be wise, he will take no steps to get it out. It ought to have been introduced as a private bill; it cannot now appear as a private bill unless certain standing orders, not complied with, shall be suspended. If I were Sir George I should

by no means advise their suspension. Here is a nice hole through which he may escape from a sea of troubles, and it is confidently asserted that he will promptly avail himself of the outlet.

The promotion of Sir Richard Bromley seems to be the last straw, and to have broken the patience of the public with the Admiralty management of Greenwich Hospital. Leaving the general questions of firing and lighting, of naval and military salaries, and half pay, and not even touching upon the alleged injustice towards the widows and orphans of our seamen, let me ask a single question. By what law is Sir Richard Bromley, in retirement, to receive some hundreds per annum over and above the Sir Richard Bromley of active life? The pay of the Accountant-General of the Navy is £1000 per annum, with an allowance of £300 per annum for house-rent. It has been mooted that special circumstances of late years rendered the latter sum supererogatory, but let that pass. Salary and allowances, then, gave Sir Richard Bromley £1300 per annum as Accountant-General of the Navy, £1000 of which he still draws as a superannuation allowance from his late post. So far, good. But when I am told of £600 a year salary from Greenwich Hospital as well, with four guineas a week lodging-money in addition, I have a strong conviction that, if true, it is in direct contravention of the Superannuation Act. You see, assuming these figures to be correct, Sir Richard Bromley's aggregate income is in round numbers £1800 a year, or £500 a year more than when he was Accountant-General of the Navy. Now, by the 20th section of the 4th and 5th William IV., c. 24, which section, be it remembered, was left untouched by the later Act of 22 Victoria, c. 26, it is very clearly provided that if any person enjoying superannuation allowance be appointed to fill any public office his superannuation allowance shall cease to be paid, provided the annual amount of the profits of his new office shall be equal to those of the post formerly held by him. If, on the other hand, the profits are not equal to those of his former post, then "no more of such superannuation allowance shall be paid to him than what, with the salary of his new appointment, shall be equal to that of his former office." Surely, then, there is some mistake concerning Sir Richard Bromley. Either his late income was larger than the estimates show, or he cannot legally have that attributed to him by the censors of the Admiralty. Protector Somerset is a bold man, and the ex-Accountant-General a fortunate one; but neither boldness nor good fortune will enable them to drive a coach of this magnitude through an Act of Parliament wherein there is neither loophole nor flaw.

On Monday night, at the Bureau des Postes, in the Rue Jean Jacques, Paris, will assemble a Postal Congress, "for the improvement of postal communication between the principal commercial nations of the world," which nations will be represented by various delegates. Mr. Frederick Hill, Assistant Secretary to the Post Office, and brother of Sir Rowland, at ends on behalf of England, M. Vandal for France, M. Metzler for Prussia, M. Hencke for Hamburg, Mr. Kasson for the United States (where the idea originated), and even the little republic of Ecuador has its representative. Of course, "ocean penny-postage," and all the various nightmares which have for so many years afflicted the reformers who are always ready to improve upon an improvement, will be trotted out; but it is not expected that much good will arise from the meeting of the congress.

The private view of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy on Friday week differed from previous private views in the important fact that, owing to the rooms being much less thronged than usual, one really could get a good sight of the pictures. There is a good show, with nothing particularly striking. People talked most of Mr. Millais's "Eve of St. Agnes;" and nine out of every ten met you with gesticulations of wonder or disbelief if you were bold enough to express your admiration of it. I hold to my original opinion—it is a wonderful picture. It does not look so well on the Academy walls as it did in the artist's studio; but there is no man in England who could paint such moonlight. There is a *mot*, intentional, of Mr. Knight's current about this picture. In his capacity of secretary he attended the Princess of Wales round the rooms of the Academy. Her Royal Highness was much struck with Mr. Millais's work, but did not for some little time comprehend it, when she exclaimed—"Ah! moonshine?" "Yes," said Mr. Knight, "yes, your Royal Highness, moonshine! all moonshine!" The pictures that will most attract the public are Mr. Marcus Stone's "Napoleon after Waterloo," and Mr. Calderon's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." These, and Mr. Frith's "Juliet," and Mr. E. M. Ward's "Hogarth's Studio," will always have a crowd round them. I don't believe a bit in Mr. Philip's "House of Commons;" neither its painting nor its portraits. Mr. Disraeli's is the only real likeness. Sir Bulwer Lytton looks like a Mephistophelian hypochondriac; and Lord Palmerston is Lord Palmerston with the fun left out. By-the-way, that "impenitent octogenarian," as the Roman journal called our Premier, was at the private view, as were all the usual notabilities, and that wonderful lot of old ladies of fashion whom the Academicians delight to honour.

Mr. Millais has sold the "Eve of St. Agnes" to Mr. Charles Lucas, the well-known contractor. The price is stated to be eight hundred guineas. Mr. Stone's picture was a commission from Mr. Flaton. Mr. E. M. Ward's "Hogarth" was ordered by the late Mr. Duncan Dunbar.

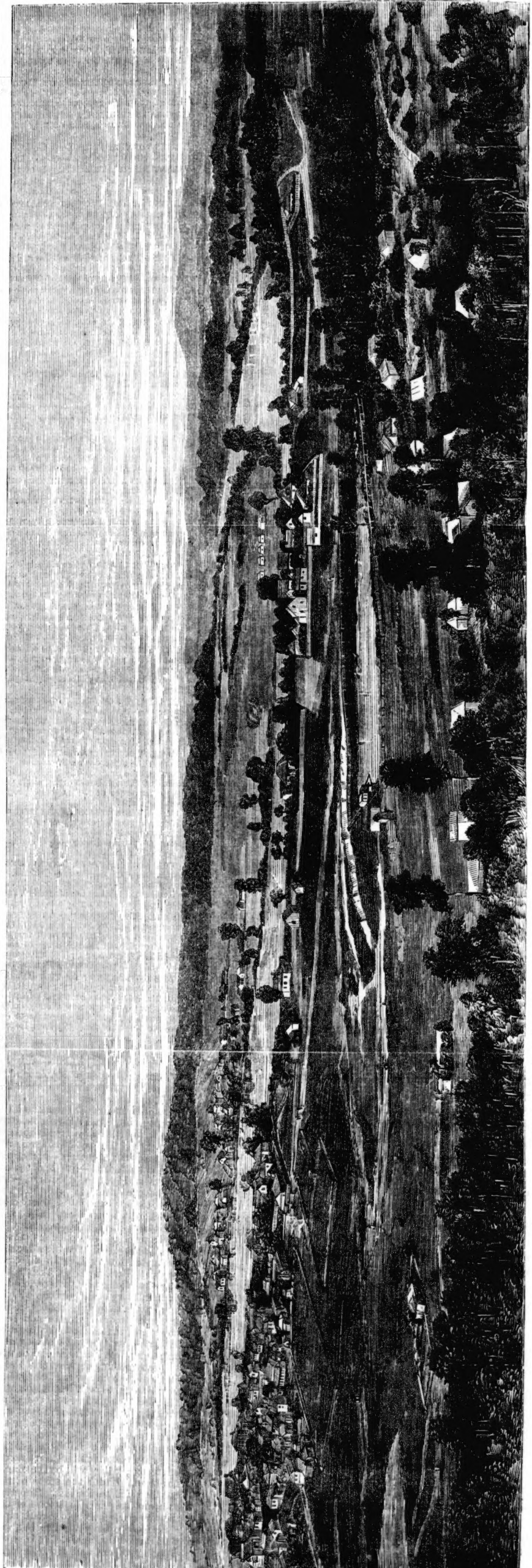
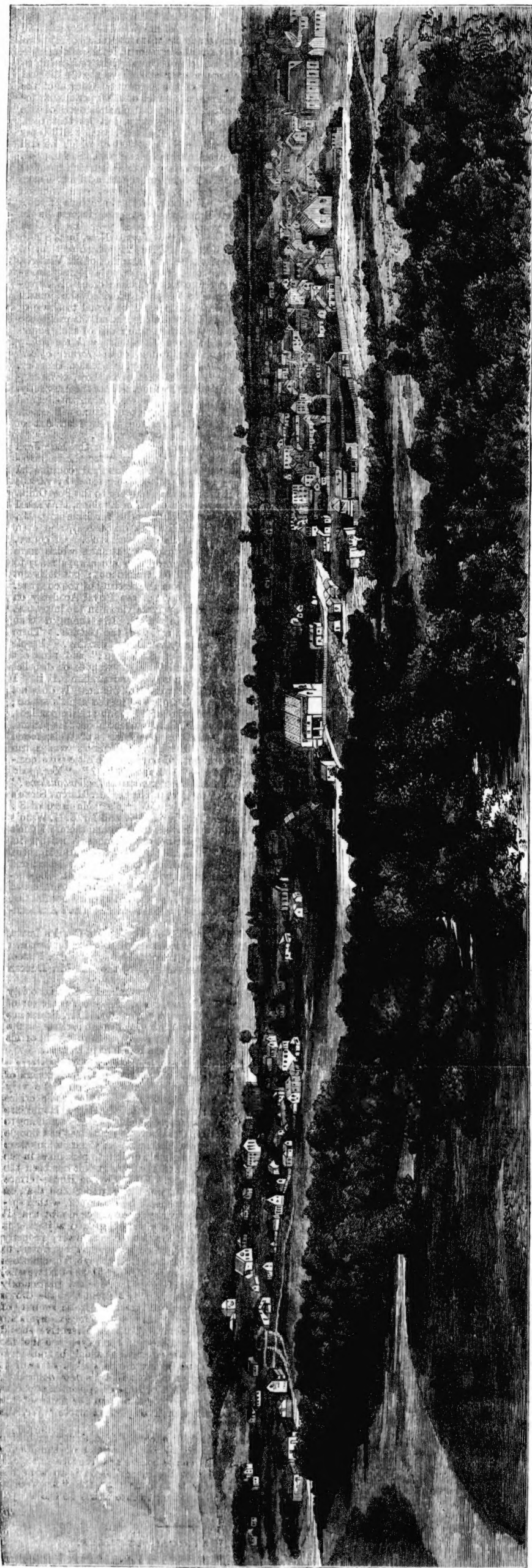
Everybody who knows Edinburgh, or has mixed in Scotch society in London, has heard of Mr. Peter Fraser, the great professor of "wut," and the singer of the celebrated "Annuity." Mr. Fraser has recently purchased a property near Stirling, whither he retires, and a great dinner was given to him the other day on the occasion of his departure, at which all the literati of the North were present.

Much nonsense has been talked concerning Carlton House-terrace and the ground just let for its completion. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are blamed, forsooth, for performing the very functions for which they were appointed, and some of their critics endeavour to make it appear that the public and the House are anxious to take upon themselves the responsibility properly attaching to the department! Since the Hon. Charles Gore made that sad bungle of his evidence before the Thames Embankment Commission, there has been an obvious disposition, in certain circles, to pick holes in the management of the Crown lands, and the latest result has been the discovery of a veritable mare's nest. When Carlton House-terrace was built, some thirty years ago, it was tacitly understood that, on certain leases falling in, the terrace should be continued, within specified limits. There has never been any question or doubt that it would be so continued; and when a piece of ground adjoining it reverted to the Crown last October, the Commissioners very properly issued tenders, and eventually let it, at an enormous ground-rent, to perfectly eligible tenants. So far, all seems simple enough. The mansions will be erected in due course, and, as neither the Duke of Newcastle, Sir Samuel Morton Peto, nor Mr. George Trollope are particularly likely to violate their engagements, we may assume that the Crown has made a satisfactory bargain, and that the aristocratic sanctity of the terrace will be preserved intact. But the grievance-mongers are not satisfied with letting well alone. That an Executive should "behave as such" is something monstrous in their eyes, and that the ordinary routine business of a public department should be transacted without a special reference to the Legislature is spoken of as if it were a breach of privilege—spoken of, that is, by a few quidnuncs, who, not improbably at the instigation of some disappointed applicant for the "let," take upon themselves to censure, in the name of the nation, much as the three tailors of Tooley-street wrote "We, the people of England!"

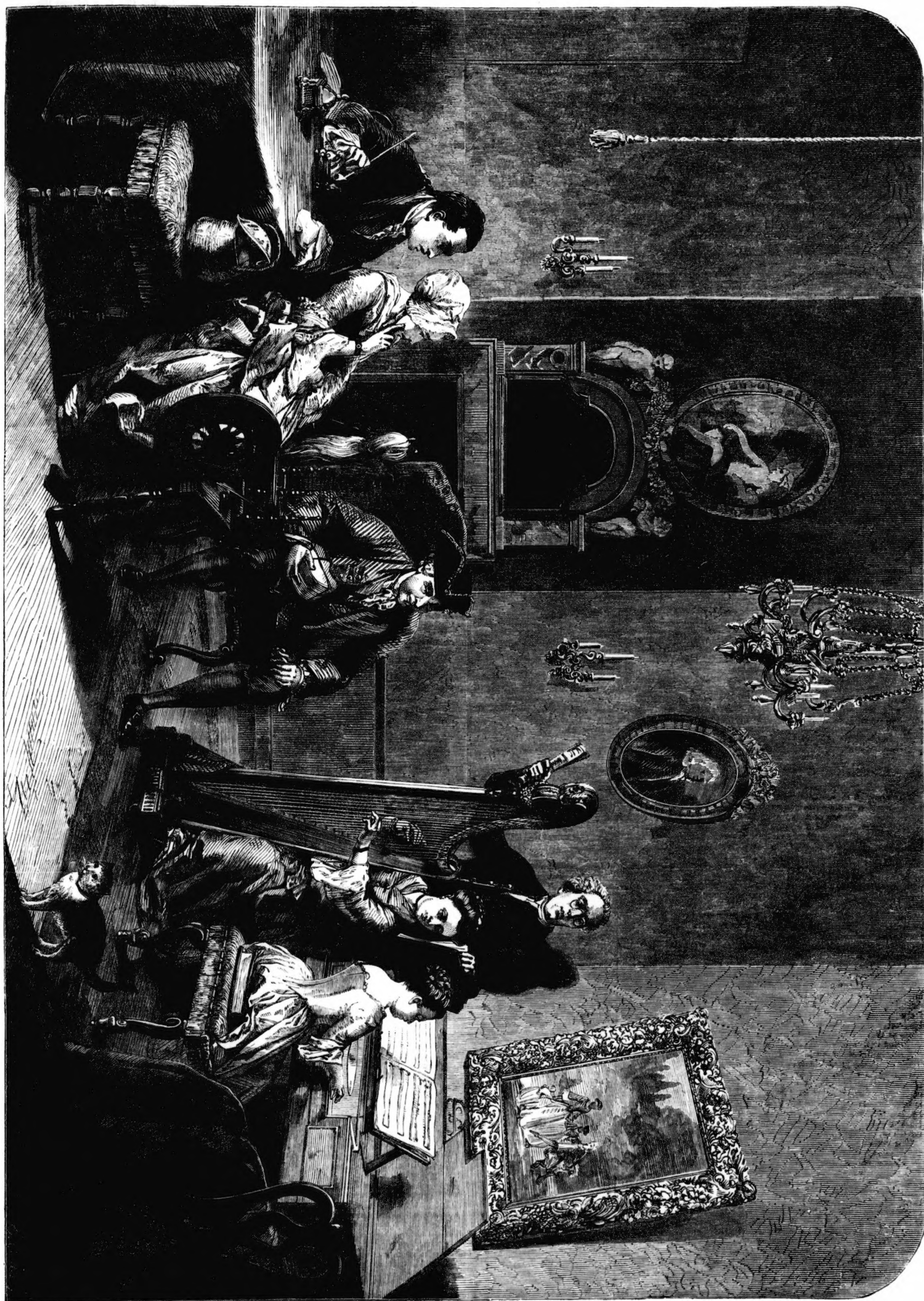
The Reader is no longer "totally unconnected with any publishing firm." It has been purchased by the proprietor of the *Family Herald*. This is a fact; but I do not believe that the two periodicals are to be incorporated, and that Professor Masson is to write the love-letters, while Mr. Kingsley is to attend to the "Answers to Correspondents," to tell Alphonso how to cure warts and Blue-eyed Minnie how to get a husband.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean have appeared, to play a farewell engagement, at the PRINCESS'S. They have been successful. Their acting is precisely the same as it has been for the last twenty years.



VIEW OF BRISBANE, THE CAPITAL OF QUEENSLAND.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY).—SEE PAGE 322.



THE GRANDCHILDREN'S FIRST DUET (FROM A PICTURE BY D. BLEN)

THE GRANDCHILDREN'S FIRST DUET.

MONSIEUR D. BLES is a Dutch artist, highly esteemed in his own country and gradually gaining fame in England and France. In Holland he is spoken of as we talk of Frith. Anybody who can say "I have a Bles" is considered a fortunate individual. His pictures are hung in the place of honour, in the best light, and in the handsomest frames. The home-loving Dutch are enraptured with such subjects as Monsieur Bles usually chooses for his canvases. For years that domesticated nation has been accustomed to confine the genius of their artists to the household incidents of the back kitchen. A girl peeling turnips, provided the painter threw his whole soul into the curling rind, awakened in a Dutchman's mind pleasant and soothing emotions. It reminded him of dinner. A true and precise representation of a back-yard, with the pail and broom in their proper places, and every brick given with painful accuracy, was a gem which the honest Hollander preferred to the noblest masterpiece of a Paul Veronese. He could take his picture with him in his travels, and be in his beloved back-yard as often as he liked, and recall the romantic incidents of the days when the pail was new and the broom just purchased. This style of art is, of course, mean and material, inferior to photography in detail, and uninteresting as a catalogue. It has no charms for an artist gifted with such powers as those which characterise the productions of M. Bles. He flies from the back-yard and soars to the front drawing-room; he prefers two charming little girls to the vulgar pail and broom; and for the mere bricks he substitutes a worthy Dutch family revelling in domestic enjoyment.

There is a homely, well-told story, to be read in the picture of M. Bles. It is the hour when the little girls are taking their music-lesson. The professor, a highly respectable-looking man for only half a crown the lesson, has arrived. Papa—a worthy Dutchman—has lighted his pipe, and mamma has pushed aside her spinning-wheel that she may thoroughly enjoy the efforts of her darlings. The attitude of the younger sister at the piano is all that could be desired, the back upright and the shoulders well thrown back. As she is scarcely tall enough to reach the keys, she has been accommodated with a stout volume to sit upon, which, although hard for a cushion, is convenient as a music-stool. Just as the lesson is about to begin, who should drop in to rest after his morning's stroll but "dear grandpapa." He usually calls every day to see his daughter and have a chat with his son-in-law, and retail the opinions he has gathered from his newspaper as pompously as if they were of his own thinking. It is a custom of his, too, never to forget those two little girls, whom he loves so well, and who, like the tender maidens of every country and all times, are fond of sweetmeats and other good things. The instant he entered the room those innocent pets detected the box of bon-bons, and began to wonder whether they were chocolate, crystallised fruits, or sugared almonds.

These little girls have been for months practising the duet they are about to play. The professor at half-a-crown a lesson has "coached" them day after day until he considered them perfect in their parts. He has been a hard, stern man, and never cared for postures, or frowns, or shruggings of the shoulders, but, at the slightest fault, has ordered his pupils to "go back again" and try it over "once more." It has been long arranged between the parents that as soon as their girls had thoroughly mastered their lesson grandpapa should be invited to listen to his grandchildren's first duet. This accounts for the box of bon-bons being of such handsome dimensions.

The little lady at the harp is nervous. She is overcome by the importance of the situation and the solemnity of the audience, and, above all, by the music-book being a long way off and difficult to look at. Her arms are scarcely long enough, poor child, to reach the furthest strings. She knows, too, that the master is behind her; he bothers her, too, by beating time with his roll of music. Her face wears an anxious expression, almost as anxious as that of dear mamma, who sits—evidently—on pins and needles, trembling lest there should be a false note or a jumbling up of time.

The really happy face in the group is that of grandpapa. If those children of his were to break down fifty times in a minute he would still consider the entertainment perfect and delicious. He is smiling and contented, proud that his little pets should be so clever, and glorying in their pretty figures and the graceful arms moving about the instrument. He is loving those pretty little children instead of listening to the music; instead of following the melody he is caressing them in thought, and wishing that the trial were over and his dear ones released from their torments.

The picture is an excellent one. There is a concentration of interest in this simple subject which gives it great importance. That an artist who can conceive and execute such pictures should succeed is a consolation to all who believe that genius is unrecognised in our generation, and that to be talented has the same meaning as to be penniless and starving.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[FIRST NOTICE]

THE ninety-fifth annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts presents not a few characteristics in common with the sixty-fourth year of the nineteenth century. Both in the epoch and in the picture-show, polished, intelligent mediocrity is the most salient feature. Cleverness, ingenuity, aptitude in hitting the public taste, felicitous expression, manual dexterity, conscientious industry—all these are apparent wheresoever the eye turns in the thronged saloons of the Academy. The crowd who gaze upon the handsomely-framed canvases are about on a par, as regards intellectual calibre, with the painters. They have a fair share of "taste," either refined or depraved, for sentiment or for sensation; they can get through any quantity of work; they are full of confidence and self-esteem; they accept realism as the be-all and end-all of art and of life. What they want, as Mr. Gradgrind said, "is facts." They do not care much for fancy, for the sufficient reason that fancy does not pay. They are tolerably up in their archaeology, and have their mediæval wardrobe at their fingers' ends, and can detect a solecism in dress or decoration in a moment. They have a smattering of geology and natural history; they can enumerate strata, guess at formations, and tell the names of plants; they are quick, shrewd, laborious, and painstaking; and they are utterly deficient in genius and in greatness.

The chief masters of English art who are numbered among the forty "shine by their absence" this year. Deerstalking, or those long-promised "Pictures of the Chase," in the Peers' refreshment-room at Westminster, or abstruse cogitation upon those still-longer-promised lions at the base of Nelson's statue, have conspired to keep Sir Edwin Landseer away. Mr. Maclean, having completed one gigantic "waterglass" picture at the Houses of Parliament, on the subject of that meeting of Wellington and Blücher at the Belle Alliance which never took place, has commenced another work as colossal, but we trust not so "unhistorical," and has had no time, it is to be presumed, to spare for Trafalgar-square. There is nothing by Mr. Mulready or by Mr. Dyce. The President, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, makes no sign; which reminds us that, even in a dearth of exhibiting R.A.'s, we have some things to be thankful for.

The young men to whom, last May, and to so unusual an extent, the much-coveted honours of the "line" were, in an unwonted fit of generosity, conceded by the hanging committee, have not done much this year to justify their sudden and unlooked-for promotion. Improvement is manifest in some of their works, but it is of the slightest. The excelsior movement has been at a snail's pace. They may have learnt to paint with greater facility, but any traces of their beginning to think with greater intensity are lacking. By scores of young men's easels we see, in our mind's eye, the same dog-eared copy of Tennyson, the same well-worn edition of Miss Strickland; in scores of works there weighs upon us the conviction that the artist has painted with an eye to the picture-dealer, and to him alone. Does he not represent the main chance? Is he not the *alter ego* of Number One? Wardour-street and Rathbone-place loom in the distance, and the genius of Platonism rattling a money-bag hovers over all.

It would be a painful and thankless task to be compelled, as members of a committee of taste, to award a medal or a pecuniary prize to any performance in this exhibition as the "best" picture in it. We by no means insinuate that "bad is the best;" but in dozen

after dozen of the works shown there is a dead level of manipulative skill, a distressing average of tolerable excellence, a plethora of ability, and an atrophy of genius. The palm which, as critics—or as one critic among a hundred—we may have to bestow, is not of imperial importance. To grant it will not make, to withhold it will not break, any artist of established reputation. Such as it is, we very willingly place it in the hands of Mr. John Everett Millais, for his excellent little figure-piece "My First Sermon" (7). To a man who can depict children so gracefully as Mr. Millais on a hundred occasions, both on canvas and wood, has shown himself able to do, no very great effort could have been needed for the production of this charming little "Toddlekins," in her scarlet mantle and tiny plumed hat, sitting demurely in a pew at church and gazing with pretty earnestness at the invisible clergyman. She is listening, too, with as much attentiveness as she can muster, to the sermon; that is evident. How much she understands of it is quite another matter. We have hinted that we do not give an exaggerated degree of credit to Mr. Millais for accomplishing so charmingly that which all the world knows he can accomplish with ease. It would be as silly to laud him to the skies for his "First Sermon" as to fall into ecstasies whenever Vivier plays well on the horn, or Francatelli cooks a good dinner, or George Cruikshank draws a humorous dustman or an old-clothesman. We know that upon this ground the masters excel, and have excelled for years; and we are bound, as a rule, to take their excellence as a matter of course. Still, to Mr. Millais may be accorded a word of praise more than ordinarily cordial for this sweet, and tender, and natural picture, mainly for the reason that he does not *always* paint so sweetly, so tenderly, and so naturally—that he often, and most lamentably, misuses his great and good gifts—and that, in the wantonness of caprice or the blindness of conceit, he frequently revels in unpardonable eccentricity or fantastic ugliness. The "First Sermon" is a beautiful and almost perfect-finished sketch; but it is a sketch, and nothing more. It bears the same relation to a picture as a *proverbe* by Alfred de Musset would to a comedy by Emile Augier—as the tiny statuette of a child by Pradier would to one of his gigantic victories in the Invalides.

"The Wolf's Den" (498) is another scene from infantile life by Mr. Millais; but, although of larger dimensions than the "Sermon," it is not nearly so satisfactory. A group of little children are tumbling about a drawing-room carpet, under the lee of a grand pianoforte, and playing at "wild beasts." The eldest boy crouches in the centre, and is muffled up in a wolf-skin rug, lined with scarlet cloth. He protrudes his hands, crisped up into the similitude of claws, and is, we fancy, growling fiercely. Another little fellow, similarly *affubled*, keeps up the menagerie chorus; while a darling little sister, in a blue silk frock, don't mind the wild beasts a bit, and, lolling on the carpet, tranquilly balances a snowdrop. This is all. The picture will please some hundreds of fond mammas moving in the genteel circles, who have grand pianofortes and wolf-skin rugs, and who do not object to their children rolling on the ground and spoiling their cloths. The composition is bizarre, and the whole group reminds us, somehow, of the Royal arms over a shop front, with the lion and unicorn fighting for the crown. The children's heads are exquisitely beautiful in form, in colour, and in expression. If "The Wolf's Den" be for sale, and a rich man buys it, the best thing he can do with it is to cut the heads of the children out of the canvas, and frame them separately. The picture is far too big for the subject, and, in its entirety, is not worthy of Mr. Millais. Great masters make little sketches of such enfantillages as these, and keep them at home for the delectation of the domestic circle. They do not send them to the exhibition of the Royal Academy as grave and serious works.

Mr. Millais's largest and most "sensational" picture is "The Eve of St. Agnes" (287); we append the poetical epigraph from the catalogue:—

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,

Her vespers done,

Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees,
Unclasped her warm jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant tresses, by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

So writes the smooth adept in descriptive epithet, Mr. Keats, on a canvas of large proportions. Mr. Millais has painted a roomy bed-chamber in a grand old Elizabethan manor house. What is seen of the four-post bed seems big enough for a landed estate. The apartment has but one occupant, a girl, who is unlacing her stays in the middle of the room. Her "rich attire," in other words her gown, which appears to be of some silver-spangled stuff, has fallen down about her knees, and tends floorward, not precisely like the maiden's undermost garment in "Mlle. de Maupin," which M. Théophile Gautier describes as "crouching at her feet like a white fawn," but in a pyramidal heap of strange and well-nigh grotesque aspect. This disposition of drapery may be true to nature, and there are a great many things perfectly natural, and at the same time exceedingly repulsive. The girl's face is of them: she is unutterably ugly. If Mr. Millais had gone through the large edition of "Lavater's Physiognomy," from the first plate to the last, he could not have pitched upon a more unlovely countenance than he has bestowed upon the young person undressing. Critics were of opinion that the force of feminine ugliness could no further go than Mr. Millais strained it to in his "curds-and-whey" picture; but the Megaras of that unlucky performance were Charles II.'s beauties compared with the damsel of the "fragrant bodies." There may be those who admire a snub-nose, russet hair, a coarse, gaping mouth, and high cheekbones; but we are certain that, had poor Mr. John Keats been alive and seen this picture, he would have flung his lyre at the painter's head, or croaked him with his laurel wreath. The entire figure of the girl is bathed in moonlight. The moonlight shining through the casement tessellates the floor in a series of quadrilateral patches. The moonbeams glist on the toilet table, and on every projection of the furniture and drapery. We frankly admit that all this moonlight is very wonderfully painted; but the effect produced is neither striking nor deceptive; it is merely disagreeably phenomenal. Mr. Millais may very probably have seen a girl in a bedroom under similar lunar conditions; but we also have seen an elm-tree quite flat at the top, and a cloud of the exact form of a hippopotamus; but we have no wish to give a thousand pounds for a picture containing an accurate representation of a flattened elm, or a hippopotamus-shaped cloud. In his candlelight studies Schalken must have hit upon many effects he never dreamt of transferring to panel. Multitudinous as were Turner's skies, he must have exercised some principle of selection, for he never gave us an ugly one. Mr. Millais has caught the moon in the act of making a grimace, and has photographed the distortion. This is the age for lyrical "ladies." We have the "Lady of Shalott" and the "Lady of La Graye," the "Lady of the Peas" and the "Lady of the Camellias." Mr. Millais's moonbathed maiden would make a startling illustration in chromolithography to a poem to be called "The Lady of the Verdigris," or the "Greenwoman and Still." Mr. Elmore's "Lucretia Borgia" (130) is a noble work. Donna Lucretia, who, poor woman, has been accused by M. Victor Hugo and others of a great many crimes she never thought of committing, is here supposed to have hired a bravo to assassinate one of her husbands—never mind which: perhaps Alfonso of Ferrara, her fourth spouse. The ruffian stands, dagger in hand, ready for his work. The fair-haired tigress, the Lady Audley of the middle ages, puts him back for a moment while she darts a glance athwart the tapestry to see whether the intended victim is in a favourable position for being stabbed. The bravo has the real swarthy pallor, the set grim look of a professional *sparafucile*—*qui tue en ville et à la campagne*. The colour, drawing, light, and shade of the two figures are rich, powerful, decided.

Mr. Elmore would, we think, have succeeded where Mr. John Rogers Herbert has made an estimable, but undeniable, failure. Mr. Herbert's "Judith" (509), a single figure, her bared arm and hand clinching the glaive which is to give Holofernes his quietus, scarcely fulfils one requirement of the student of art, history, or scripture.

There is much learning in the drawing—so much so that, from excess of elaboration, it falls into inaccuracy, reminding us of some great classical scholars who, in commenting on a Greek text, blunder in English grammar. Judith's flesh is partly of the hue of parchment, partly of that of bleached wax. There is a faint shadow of M. Ingres's asceticism of treatment lingering about the head; but it is the asceticism of a surly Trappist, not that of a lettered Benedictine. Mr. Herbert seems to forget that the monastic state may have its "fat capons and clouted cream." He dwells perpetually on the hair-cloth, the spiked girdle, and the scourge, and on them alone.

"Hogarth's Studio, 1789" (199), is Mr. E. M. Ward's principal contribution. He has depicted a visit—on a half-holiday, we presume—of some boys and girls belonging to the Foundling Hospital to Hogarth's painting-room, in Leicester-fields, there to be gratified with a view of the portrait of their good old benefactor, Captain Coram. The original of the portrait and the painter himself are hiding behind the easel, listening, with delighted looks, to the criticisms of the youngsters, while goodnatured Mrs. Hogarth is laying out a store of cake and wine, on which, we doubt not, they will bestow even more unqualified approbation. The work is a very cheerful and bustling one, full of vivid effect and kindly humour. To say that it is by Mr. Ward is equivalent to a reminder that it is solidly painted, and that all the accessories, to the minutest, have been carefully studied. On the whole, it exhibits most of this painter's high excellencies, and few of his most grievous faults—to wit, harshness, confusion, and smugness of colour. There is another picture by Mr. E. M. Ward in the gallery, to which we shall hereafter call attention.

"Brick Court, Temple—April, 1774" (359), is another eighteenth-century picture, and the work of Mr. Eyre Crowe. It is in advance of his painting of "Defoe in the Pillory at Temple Bar," exposed last year. Mr. Crowe lifts the curtain on a little domestic drama which is said to have taken place in Brick-court, Temple, on the Monday morning when Oliver Goldsmith died. According to Mr. John Forster, the neighbourhood of poor "Noll's" chambers was filled with mourners, "women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable." Oliver was assuredly one of those to whom much will be pardoned, *quia multum amavit*. Mr. Crowe has very ably and intelligently interpreted Mr. Forster's text, and his picture is full of matter for admiration. The painting is throughout very firm and conscientious.

Mr. Marcus Stone's "On the road from Waterloo to Paris" (315) will probably be the most popular picture on the Academy walls, and the lion of the artistic season. It was much talked of while on the easel; it is, we believe, already sold—nay, for aught we know, an engraving from it may have been already subscribed for. What a pity it is that the middlemen can't produce "instantaneous" engravings on steel, and are compelled to wait a year or eighteen months before the chalcographer has done his work, then, perhaps, to find that some new artistic lion has arisen, quite eclipsing the roarer of the previous season! Mr. Marcus Stone gives half a stanza from one of Beranger's best-known lyrics as a motto to his picture—the one beginning,

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le chaume bien longtemps
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.

If Mr. Marcus Stone had continued the perusal of "Les Souvenirs du Peuple" he would have discovered that it was not "on the road from Waterloo to Paris," in 1815, but on the sad progress from Leipzig to Fontainebleau, in 1814, that the poet pictured the great Napoleon entering a poor woman's hut, and sitting moodily, in muddy boots, before the fire, while the attendants dried his clothes.

Mais quand la pauvre champagne
Fut en proie aux étrangers
Lui, bravant tous les dangers
Semblait seul tenir la champagne,
Un soir, tout comme aujour d'hui
J'entends frapper à la porte,
J'ouvre: Bon Dieu! c'était lui
Suivi d'une faible escorte.

The war in Champagne took place a year before Waterloo was fought. But let that pass. Mr. Stone has painted a very capital picture. The statuerque lineaments of Napoleon's face are all—save the chin, which is too square—given with rare fidelity, and, for an English painter, with unprecedented comprehension of the appearance of him whom Mr. Jones used to call "the Corsican ogre," but who was as beautiful as Milton in his youth, or as the Apollo in the Pitti Palace. There is something wrong, however, in the drawing of Napoleon's near thigh which disjoins the whole man, and makes the attitude vexatiously clumsy. Bertrand's figure, as he stands before the fire drying the famous *redingote grise*, is admirable. The peasant family, adult as well as children, the maimed soldiers, the splashed and battered escort outside, the Imperial trophies hung about, are all well put, firmly posed, honestly rendered. This is a picture without a scintilla of pretence in it. It means something. It tells you something beyond the rocking-horse and indiarubber ring inanities of the nursery school of art, pandering only to genteel philoprogenitiveness. "On the road from Waterloo to Paris," or "From Montmirail to Arcis-sur-Aube," call it what you will, is the work of a strong, valiant, thoughtful young British man, who has done well, and means to do better still; and more power to Mr. Marcus Stone's elbow, say we.

There is another young historic-genre painter, Mr. H. S. Marks, to whom we should dearly like to extend unqualified commendation. In his pictures of "The Fool's Text," and in that other one, whose exact title we forget, but where he portrayed a sculptor monk hewing a grotesque water-pout head, with a bumpkin before him as a model, he manifested rare powers of mind as well as of hand. He has gone on constantly improving, and bids fair in maturity to combine the most shining characteristics of Hogarth and Leslie. He has much of the humour and dramatic vigour of the first, much of the wit and refinement of the last. But we cannot go entirely along with Mr. Marks in "How Shakespeare Studied" (261). Energy, humour, observation, industry we are glad to recognise in this work. Viewed merely in a conventional light, Mr. Marks's imagined episode is blameless. The adolescent Shakespeare sits perdu in his porch, and studies the habits and manners of the men and women whom he will afterwards introduce into his plays. Swaggering Pistols, red-nosed Bardolphins, jovial Dame Quicklys, sweet Anne Pages, roystering hosts of the Garter, saturnine Touchstones, underheaded Dogberies, idiotic Slenders, concealed Shallows, pragmatical Hugh Evanses, impudent Andrys, roguish Autolycuses, merry wives, knaves, fools, drawers, and *bona robas*, may all pass before him. But was this the way in which Shakespeare studied? Did Mr. Thackeray hide behind a post, pencil and note-book in hand, to spy out the giddy group careering through "Vanity Fair"? It strikes us as more in accordance with human nature that Shakespeare, instead of peeping at what other people did, came down into the midst of them, and did it himself. He could not have been a mere spectator in the pit. He must have been one of the actors, and, like them, strutted and fretted his brief hour upon the stage. The exceptions we take—in all friendliness—to this picture, apply purely to the spirit in which it is conceived; against its execution we have nothing to say. Mr. Marks's drawing shows, on the contrary, continual amendment, and every year his composition becomes more skilful, and his power of expression more intense.

O. H. Calderon sends "The British Embassy in Paris on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572" (378). This is a bright renaissance interior, peopled with busy groups in skilfully-executed costumes—the women fainting, the men looking from the windows at the slaughter below. It is unfortunate that the world does not very much care to know what they thought about the Massacre of St. Bartholomew at the British Embassy in 1572. Mr. Calderon has deserted the main road and gone down a wrong turning in his search for a subject. For the rest, the scene is admirably put on the stage, and the "mounting" is most picturesque.

THE FRENCH SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS has publicly protested against the proposed bull-fight at Nîmes.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 330.)

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

The county of Balderland is bounded, as all our readers ought to know, by the confines of Olinshire, Valisex, and Veester towards the south and west; and by Harfolk, Yaffenshire, and Thridford on the east and north. It is a middle-sized, agricultural county, rather thinly dotted with great houses, tolerably interspersed with riddling squirearchy, and abundant in comfortable freehold farmers.

The principal magnate of the county is Lord Bransdale. He represented the county in Parliament till he succeeded to his peerage, and became Lord Lieutenant on the death of the late Earl of Melmerby.

The Bransdale property is not by any means to compare in importance with the Melmerby property, which is sixty thousand a year within the county. But Walter Grazebrooke, the present Earl, was too young at his father's death to succeed him in the Lord Lieutenantcy.

Reckoning by acres and rentroll, Lord Bransdale only comes third in the county; for between his thirty thousand a year and the Melmerby sixty thousand comes Strensall, of Thorskelf Castle, with forty thousand. Sculthorp of Thixby is said to have twenty thousand a year—Sir Simon Sculthorp created temp. Charles I., and who thinks an old baronetcy is better than a spit and span peerage.

Bulstan of Whitthougl has fifteen thousand, and as his family have been in existence since the Flood on the identical acres, they must have escaped baronetcies by some special miracle.

Bulstans despises baronetries with an effort in the case of Sculthorp, created temp. Charles I.; but it comes easy in the instance of Sir Everard Wolverstone, of Lupesley, created temp. George II. The Lupesley property is reckoned at twelve thousand a year. Wilstrop of Whepstead, Oxley of Brimfield, Marland of Hincloffe are held to be worth eight or nine thousand, though they are all now and then called ten in the rough.

Strensall of Midgarth Grange (a junior branch of the Thorskelf Castle Strensalls) has six thousand, Felcylfte of Lowthways, Mazzard of Jaworth, Burnet of Grizewood, and a diminuendo tail, "too numerous to rehearse," graduate down from four or five thousand to a thousand or fifteen hundred.

Bradbleak, the county town of Balderland, returns two members. Sir Everard Wolverstone is one of them, and his seat is considered shaky. Oxley of Brimfield, an eminent agriculturist, is the other, having succeeded at the last election in turning out the Duke's man.

The Duke's man was Lord Kilvington, eldest son of the Earl of Prancingbourne. The Duchess of Truckleborough's mother is sister of Lord Prancingbourne (Bashford is the family name), and the Duke holds a good deal of property in and about Bradbleak; house property and accommodation land; the head of a long arm of the dual estate reaching out across the borders of Olinshire.

The Duke's agent, Mr. Snake (of the firm Gripps and Snake), is a formidable man, and is understood to be very sore about Kilvington's defeat. The Liberal agitation in the county is supposed to arise from this source.

Another non-resident influence is Lord Mascester's. His brother, the Right Hon. Horatio Whitmarsh, in former days sat as Duke's man for Bradbleak. He is now member for the county of Hoderford, where Lord Mascester's main property and ostensible residence make him a leading man. The Countess of Mascester (Lady Mildred Starchope) is a sister of the Duke of Truckleborough. She is not formally separated from the Earl, but they see very little of each other. He has resided principally at Paris for some years, but comes home on great occasions. They have no children, and Sydney Whitmarsh, Horatio's son, is preterpresumptive heir to the earldom.

The Right Hon. Horatio's wife (Lady Anne St. Gobray) is sister of Lord Bexteyrmont. These brothers-in-law belong to the mysterious guild of chosen vessels, who, without any very apparent superiority over other fictile receptacles of the political essence, are, nevertheless, set apart as inevitable Cabinet Ministers.

The Duke of Truckleborough is the chief of a clan, and the Earl of Pemberwold is the chief of another. Lord Pemberwold has three daughters, but the important point is that one of them (Lady Eleanor Wrottesworth) is Countess of Bexteyrmont. Thus Lord Bexteyrmont is son-in-law to Lord Pemberwold and brother-in-law to the Right Hon. Horatio Whitmarsh, who is brother of the Earl of Mascester, who is brother-in-law of the Duke of Truckleborough.

Now, as touching the greatness of the Earl of Pemberwold, K.G. Wrottesworth is what is called a historical name. The race of Wrottesworth had flourished through centuries. Lord Pemberwold was a patriarchal potentate, over seventy years of age, and over ninety thousand a year revenue. His estates lay mainly in the county of Harfolk, where he was Lord Lieutenant and patron paramount almost as much as if every stick and stone in the county belonged to him; and fifteen or twenty thousand of his acres overlapped into Balderland.

But it was not only on the physical force of wealth that his power subsisted. He was the central pivot of a widely-extended family connection, whom he had inspired with a belief that he was one of the wisest, and greatest, and best of men. He had absorbed the cream of the surrounding nobility into his own family group. His mother was a Bransdale. His wife (Lady Philadelphia Haughton), was sister of the late Earl of Nalborough (the next greatest potentate to himself in Harfolk), to whom he had also given a sister in matrimonial exchange. A second sister married Lord Randelwere, another Harfolk Peer, whose son and heir, the Hon. Edward Ellerbeck, sits for the county, along with Lord Nalborough's brother, Robert Haughton.

Lord Pemberwold's eldest daughter (Lady Lucy) is married to Robert Wrottesworth Hartoft, Baron Wrottesworth, a collateral branch of the Wrottesworth tree, who will succeed to the earldom of Pemberwold. The second daughter (Lady Charlotte) is married to Lord Ormesdale.

The third has been already mentioned. Lord Bexteyrmont belongs to the county of Hoderford.

Lord Ormesdale had held office in Whig Administrations, and had retired when it seemed to him they were inducing the bubble of liberality to a dangerous size. Lord Ormesdale was a true reformer, who valued reforms for their own sake, not for the popular cries which could be made out of them.

Lord Bexteyrmont had no such scruples. He cared about as much for political truth as a fashionable haberdasher cares for high-art theories on texture and colour.

As long as the Government patterns went down well with the public, his yard-wand of office flourished imperially over any sort of fabric that might be unrolled on the Parliamentary counter and dealt out in Ministerial measures.

If he had any private predilections as to particular classes of stock, or any theories of appropriate application of his favourite samples of haberdashery to special uses and ends, his business views might be formulated in very few words—"Red tape for the million, and blue ribbon for our ministerial selves."

To return to Balderland. Lord Bransdale's grandmother was Lady Priscilla Haughton, aunt of Lady Pemberwold; and it is as well to add that Lord Bransdale's mother was a Sculthorp of Thixby, and his wife a sister of Strensall of Midgarth Grange. His wife's mother was a Bulstan of Whitthougl.

Lord Bransdale was therefore by immediate connection allied to a nest of the rankest old Tories in Balderland, who considered Augustus Grazebrooke little better than a Radical, Liberal-Conservative as he might call himself. Old Philip Bransdale was their own relation, but, when he dropped, it was a question whether the old true-blue should not assert its rights in the person of Sir Simon Sculthorp, for whom the parsons would vote almost to a man. Bulstan of Whitthougl, however, thought himself quite as fit an exponent of the old true-blue interest as Sculthorp, though both agreed it was an indignity to the county to put forward a young sprouts like Edmund Strensall.

Ralph Strensall of Midgarth, whose mother was a Bulstan, and whose two sisters were married to Lord Bransdale and Sir Everard Wolverstone, had himself, though a high Tory, been betrayed by Cupid (who is no respecter of county politics) into marrying Lucy, sister of Mazzard of Jaworth, the most turbulent liberal of the county.

Mazzard of Jaworth opined that now or never the half-and-half milk-and-water Liberal-Conservatism of the county must be broken in upon, and a good, thoroughgoing, out-and-out Liberal have one of the seats. The Duke was the *Deus ex machina*, without whom this could not be done; and Mazzard considered it a great want of tact on the Duke's part not to see that the battle should be fought by a well-known county liberal, such as himself, for instance, or even Felcylfte—though, to be sure, Felcylfte had crotchety philanthropic bees in his bonnet.

It was taking the main show of reason out of their side to put forward another mere boy from college such as Whitmarsh. If it had been the right hon. Horace, now! But his whipper-snapper on! Still, the first object was to get the Duke to fight the county; "for freedom's battle once begun," as Mazzard flattered himself the real man would come to the front in due time.

Sir Everard Wolverstone's mother, the Hon. Georgiana (still a living dowager), was sister of Algernon Aubrey, Viscount Ormesdale, father of the present Viscount. She was the mother also of that unforgotten Alice Wolverstone who made that excellent match with the Earl of Tintagel.

Ormesdale's sister Emily is the wife of Lord Girandole, a really able, practical, rising Minister, with no nonsense about him.

Five-and-twenty years before this date, when Lord Pemberwold formed a Liberal Administration, Girandole came over into it from the other side of the House, and he has managed to be in every subsequent combination of the shifting political elements.

Girandole stood well with the Truckleborough connection. Wolverstone had a scheme of his own which possessed the merit of ingenuity. Would it not be worth the Duke's while to back him (Wolverstone) for the county, and fill up the Bradbleak vacancy with young Whitmarsh. There was something to be said in favour of it which we will leave Sir Everard to say in his own person when the occasion presents itself. In the meantime old Philip Bransdale was a most unreasonably long while in dying, when it is considered that a whole county was, so to speak, waiting by his bedside.

CHAPTER II.

An exploded love affair leaves a desolate void in human bosoms; and, as Nature abhors a vacuum, reckless demons of desperation rush in and take possession. Some turbulent form of excitement seems necessary; and most men and women, in looking back, will observe that the hugest absurdities and most grievous errors of their lives have dated from such occasions, when a wild-hearted craving for strong measures was accompanied by indignant scorn of consequences.

In such cases the sufferers begin by treating themselves as enemies, on the theoretical premise that "everything that is wrong," and that everything which used to be considered right side up must henceforth be turned upside down; and they end by finding how much more serious and dangerous enemies they have been to themselves in practical earnest than anybody else could have been.

There are differences, of course, in the degrees to which different persons allow themselves to be carried away by such impulses; and there are differences in the facilities afforded by circumstances for blowing off the high-pressure desperation vapour through legitimate vents.

Lord Gaveloch and Mr. Strensall both suffered heartwreck in modified forms, as narrated in the previous division of this veracious narrative. Both had what it is hoped the judicious reader will consider fortunate escapes from foundering among the perilous rocks of imprudent matrimony. But their conditions of mind were very diverse. Strensall was essentially a man of business, to whom the duties of life were an amusement; while Gaveloch was a man of pleasure, to whom the pursuit of amusement was a business.

Gaveloch talked during the first part of the journey of making visits at his Balderland relations, and going in for the electioneering; but he got no further than Paris. There he met with some kindred spirits, and Strensall left him involved in the whirl of feverish gaiety which peculiarly belongs to that central vortex of European dissipation.

Strensall arrived at Dover on a drizzly morning, before it was light, and found it difficult to get up a patriotic glow. Still, there was something comfortable in hearing the custom-house officers and railway porters talk English. A dull, grey, British dawn broke on him in the train, and he got an extremely damp copy of the *Times* at Folgate.

At the London Bridge station he dispatched his luggage and servant to Limmer's Hotel, and drove round by the family mansion in Park-lane.

"La, Master Edmund!" cried the wheezy, hazy, superannuated housemaid, after a sliding of bolts, a clashing of double locks, and a clanking of chain that would have been effective in the surrender of a besieged fortress on the stage—"La, Master Edmund! you wasn't coming to stop? There hasn't been a fire in your room this ever so long."

"Never mind that, I am going down to Thorskelf to-night. Are there any letters?"

"Letters? Bless you! ever so many," and she went down to some safe place and returned with a sheaf. They mostly had an uninteresting look, as letters which accumulate from correspondents who write without special knowledge of your whereabouts usually have. They had a family likeness to circulars in behalf of charities, invitations to lecture at mechanics' institutes, trade advertisements, and the like. He only opened one on the spot, a short note from his mother, only two days old:—

"Dearest Heart,—All a mother's blessings and prayers for your safe arrival, and welcome home! I have only time for a line, to save the post, to say Uncle Philip is much better, and I have accepted Aunt Philadelphia's invitation—including you and Margaret, of course—for the family gathering at Wrottesworth. We are to go there towards the end of next week, and stay over Christmas. She knows, of course, that you may have to come and go on county business. But you will be almost as near Bradbleak there as at Thorskelf, though it is out of the county."

"It is of great importance that uncle Pemberwold should take your part warmly. Mind you call on Lord Girandole as you pass through London. Cousin Ormesdale told me Lord G. wished to see you. Probably, he wants to catechise you a little on your politics. 'Do not be too ready to volunteer opinions.' This is a hint from Lord O. Walter and John are to be at Wrottesworth, and your aunt Agnes. The Nalboroughs, of course. The Ormesdales have been there a week already, and the Bexteyrmonts are coming from the North with the Crowbarlocks. Benson has brought in the postbag, and so, farewell, with all love.—Your affectionate, own old mother, MATILDA STRENSALL."

"Well, good-by, Martha. I forgot to ask you how you are."

"Thank you kindly, Master Edmund; very middling, all but rheumatism."

"You can redirect letters to Wrottesworth after the end of the week for ten days, or say a fortnight. The family are all to be there for Christmas. By-the-way, you must have rather a lonely time of it. If you've got a niece or nephew handy, that likes to come and spend Christmas week with you, here's a five-pound note towards the journey; only promise me not to put it into that old stocking that is bursting with guineas."

"Bless you, Master Edmund, and a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and many of them; and the same with my duty to my Lady and Miss Margaret."

Old Martha owed this windfall to the mention of Christmas and the thought of the merry party at Wrottesworth, contrasted with loneliness and rheumatism. That this contrast should have struck him after a journey before breakfast, and with the prospect of a contested election on his mind, was a mark of some slight peculiarity at

an age when young men, as a rule, seldom think much about other people.

Arrived at his hotel, a warm bath was steaming, ready to slake the dust of continental travel; a change of raiment hung over chair-backs airing at the fire, and a true British breakfast of beefsteaks, tea, and muffins, in the snug, old-fashioned coffee-room, took the taste of the Channel out of his mouth.

By the time breakfast was over, and a telegraph dispatched to announce his arrival and have a carriage to meet the express (for Thorskelf in those days was twelve miles from the nearest station), it was near one o'clock, and Strensall walked leisurely down to the house Lord Girandole then occupied in Arlington street.

He did not contemplate this visit to one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State with very great satisfaction. He looked on Lord Girandole as a clever, time-serving politician. He knew he was going to be put through his political paces—to be pumped, in short, of his intentions towards her Majesty's present Administration, in case he was graciously allowed to take his seat for Balderland.

Mr. Strensall had some theories of his own as to the independence of counties, and especially county members. He thought, and had said with applause at the "Union," that constituencies should choose their own representatives, and Parliament sanction such Ministries as commanded a legitimate majority's candid and unbiased approval. Ministerial influence in elections seemed to him a sort of constitutional heart disease—a regurgitation of sluggish, venous blood, unoxymorated by the lungs of public opinion, into the arteries of a semi-vitalised Executive.

That might do very well, and did very well, for the Union. For boys will be boys; and when embryo statesmen begin to grasp an idea of constitutional mechanism, like other incipient mechanists dealing with pure theories, unencumbered by solid substances, they forget to make allowance for the imperfections inherent in matter. Their boilers, valves, cylinders, pistons, cogs, cranks and connecting rods are all supposed to be true, turned to the shadow of a thought in some polished adamant—unrustable, unburntable, imperishable, eternal.

But when these "fine ideas on paper" are translated from their imaginary adamant into practical iron, the great law of friction puts in its claim to attention. Rust roughens, and oil smooths—and rust and grease together breed dirt, which all mechanism must work with and in spite of.

Iron machinery is, perhaps, as much cleaner than that in which human beings are the constituent elements as it is dirtier than the ideal adamant.

Mr. Strensall approached the mansion in Arlington-street with a foreboding that he was going to be treated like a mouse devoted to experimental purposes under an exhausted receiver. However, he knocked boldly at the pillared portico of the airpump, and sent in his card to the practical philosopher, who was to subject him to the exhaustive process, by a tall, well-fed, profusely-powdered footman. The man showed him into a dining-room, and, supplying him with the morning-papers as a polite method of expressing that it was likely he might have to wait some time before his Lordship was disengaged, disappeared with the card.

Though there was nobody there to see him, Mr. Strensall made a pretence of running his eye over the money article, and felt that it was most uncomfortably like waiting for his turn at a fashionable dentist's. He could not fix his mind on the causes of recent fluctuation in discount, and felt that Lord Girandole's eye was on him—a very bright eye, glancing with a twinkle of half astute, half jocular benevolence out of the great Sir Thomas's characteristic portrait of that eminent statesman over the chimney-piece.

After about twenty minutes, there was a shuffling of feet in the passage; the front door opened, a carriage drew up, and a stout, moonfaced man, in loose trousers, with a crimson scullcap on his head and a round brass plate on the crown of it, got in. His Excellency the Ambassador of the Sublime Port drove away; and it was Mr. Strensall's turn, "if he would please to step that way."

CHAPTER III.

"How do you do, Edmund Strensall?" said Lord Girandole, looking up from a note or two on Turkish affairs, which he was jotting down on a half sheet of note paper, and wheeling back his chair a few inches from the leather-covered library table, as if he would have risen. "I am glad to see you." He held out his hand amicably, without getting up; and when Strensall had duly shaken it, motioned him to the chair of audience hard by. "By George! how you young fellows shoot up! Last time I saw you you were a boy in a jacket, and now Ormesdale tells me you want to sit for a county. By-the-way, how is poor old Bransdale? Better, is he? I am glad of that, more for our own sakes than his. He cannot get over it, to do any good; but, if he can linger on without inconvenience till the writ could be moved at once, it might save a long disturbance. No one can move while he keeps alive. A vacancy in the recess is the deuce and all. What do you think of your prospects? As this is your first throw off, I suppose you are very confident."

"I have very good hopes; I have not heard of any very formidable opponent."

"That depends a good deal on the line you take. You belong to a set whose politics are rather of a composite order. Your grandfather was a Whig, and sat on our side of the House till his death, though he latterly often voted against us. Your uncle Bransdale has sat below the gangway on the Opposition side, but has never gone into factions combinations against us. Your uncle Augustus Grazebrooke calls himself a Liberal Conservative, but his Liberalism does us very little good. What do you mean to call yourself when you come out with your address?"

"A Conservative Reformer."

"What does that mean? It sounds like a neutral salt, some new chemico-political compound. Can you tell me how many equivalents of Reform go to how many of Conservatism in your favourite mixture?"

"My nostrum is rather a surgical system than a medical compound. It means canter and the knife for proud flesh and unwholesome tumours in the constitutional body, combined with Conservative respect for the constitutional bones. By reform I mean restoration to normal and healthy form—restoration to functional vitality. Radical reformers may recommend amputation, and a patent mechanical cork and steel-spring leg as a remedy for a gouty toe."

"But you would maintain the Constitution's integrity in toe and toto. All that is very fine in its way, but it doesn't tell me on which side of the House you would sit. It does not so much matter to us what your private opinion on constitutional theories may be, nor, indeed, your canvassing professions, which must, of course, be adapted to the mixed opinions of your supporters and constituency. And I don't say that your profession of constitutional reform is a bad nucleus for indefinite declamation on the hustings. But that sort of chaff won't do for old political birds. What we want to know is whether you mean to sit on our side and give us your vote when we are in difficulties; for our working majority is narrowish, and we can't afford to throw away a chance. All this is, of course, confidential. We had rather have you with us than put up another man against you, for you have a useful county name."

"I am much obliged, my Lord, for the offer of Ministerial acquiescence in my election, but I fear on such terms I cannot avail myself of it. I had rather keep out of Parliament than go in with my hands tied."

"I am not making any proposition to tie your hands. You will have to declare yourself on one side or another; and if you are on our side, by letting us know it before hand, you would avoid a formidable contest."

"A contest is very good fun; and as to declaring myself on one side or the other, no doubt I must do so when the time and the question come. But how can I tell, beforehand, what proposition a given set of men may determine to stand or fall by? I can bind myself over to a set of principles, but not to a set of politicians, be they Whig or Tory."

* The "Union" is a species of Undergraduates' House of Commons at the Universities.

"That is the old story of 'Measures, not men,' which has always sounded well in theory, and never been worth a button in practice. It takes too long to explain what principles are, and short definitions mean anything. I understand you to say that you have only formed very general ideas of politics, and have, as yet, no particular confidence in any particular politicians. That state of mind is very natural in a young man, and your frank confession of it is honest. But in party government the men who represent a side are the most tangible facts that come under political consideration of the common sort. And, until you have made up your mind which of the two sets you are prepared to cast in your lot with, a constituency has a right to say, 'We know nothing particular of you. Which division of the men we have heard of will you back?' When you have become one of the well-known men of a party it will be time for you to talk about principles. A soldier enlists under a particular banner, not under a special strategic theory."

"I am not so entirely unknown in the limited area of my own county, and I hope in a small way to establish myself there as a tangible fact. If the Truckleborough and Mascester interest, along with the ultra-Liberal small fry, were strong enough to carry their man they would have nothing to say to me; and if I entered into an understanding to get rid of their opposition I believe I should be sacrificing my independence at a very cheap rate. I may be deluded by an imaginary insight into the feeling of the county; but I firmly believe that the better part of the county Liberals are very moderate reformers. They have an impression that the present Ministry are going a shade faster and further than they like themselves, out of compliment to the noisy demagogues of the towns. Country gentlemen, Whig or Tory, will be country gentlemen. And such allies as Blayforth of Surturset, and Brandish of Wafthrud, make country gentlemen a little nervous about Liberal tactics."

"Ah, that will do. I see how it is. You may not know it, but you might just as well have said at once you would sit below the gangway on the Opposition side. Well, I won't detain you. Strensal got up. "By-the-way, you're going to pass Christmas at Wrottesworth. When do you leave town?"

"By this afternoon's express, at 4.45."

"Then," said Lord Girandole, looking at his watch, and getting up, "come along with me. That is," he added, "if you don't mind being goodnatured enough to take charge of a boy we have to forward to Lord Bexteyrmonth, at Wrottesworth?"

"With great pleasure," said Strensal, who, as Lord Bexteyrmonth was First Lord, thought of some new Admiralty model construction of buoy for Lord Bexteyrmonth's approval. "I suppose it will not be too heavy to go by express train?"

"Heavy—no; he's only thirteen, and light for his age; not a light boy like the buoy at the Nore, though. That is rather a good one. Did you think I was going to encumber you with marine stores

for the First Lord's inspection?" Lord Girandole led the way, laughing, and Strensal followed, blushing very deeply, to the dining-room, where Lady Girandole was by this time at luncheon. A pretty

boy, with large, poetical eyes, dark curly hair, a blue jacket with Eton buttons, and a broad, turned-down shirt collar, was making most prosaic work of a pigeon-pie.

"Here is Mr. Strensal, dearest (Lady Girandole made a gracious bow), who is going down to spend his Christmas at Wrottesworth, so I thought it a pity not to introduce him to his eminent contemporary, who is to make the same journey, that they might be fellow-travellers. Mr. Strensal, Lord Beltane. Strensal shook hands with the boy, who rose with polite seriousness to perform his part of the ceremony, and looked at his big contemporary with broad, unembarrassed eyes, as if he was considering what sort of a travelling-companion he would be.

"Will Mr. Strensal have any luncheon?" said Lady Girandole. Mr. Strensal said he had only just breakfasted, having arrived that morning from the Continent.

"I say, though, Mr. Strensal, unless you breakfasted very much, I would have some of this pigeon pie; it is so awfully good and such jolly jelly."

"I must leave you to make your arrangements, and go back to my work," said Lord Girandole, drinking a glass of sherry and carrying off a bit of biscuit. "Good-by, Mr. Strensal. Mind you don't corrupt this young man's politics. He is my great-nephew and Lord Bexteyrmonth's; and if he remains a good Whig, and his great-uncles live long enough, we will make him Governor-General of India."

"If I remain anything good in politics I shall remain a Tory, as I am now and have been ever since I can remember," said this unhesitating professor of distinct denomination.

"What would you say to a Conservative Reformer, now?" asked Lord G., with a good-humoured, mischievous side glance at Strensal, waiting for his sentence.

"A Conservative is a makebelieve Tory and a Reformer is an imitation Whig. I should say a Conservative Reformer was a double distilled, half-and-half humbug." Lord Girandole seemed to enjoy this definition very much, and disappeared with a chuckle which deposited a crumb of biscuit in his windpipe. It was arranged that Strensal should pick Lord Beltane up in his hansom at ten minutes to four, and he departed.

When he came afterwards to pick Beltane up he saw Sir Everard Wolverstone come out of the door, and when he saw Strensal the Baronet looked so much ashamed of himself that Strensal thought he must have been doing some stroke of dirty work about the county.

(To be continued.)

J. STANSFELD, ESQ., M.P. FOR HALIFAX, THE NEW JUNIOR LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. EASTHAM, MANCHESTER.)

THE BICKNELL COLLECTION.

Few events have created so much interest in the artistic world as the recent sale of the Bicknell collection by Messrs. Christie and Manson. We have already (see ILLUSTRATED TIMES for May 2, page 318) given some details of the sale of the paintings in this fine collection, and now print an Engraving



SALE OF THE BICKNELL COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS AT CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S.

of the scene presented in the rooms of the auctioneers while the sale of drawings was going on last week. During the disposal of the paintings the rooms were crowded to excess—so much so, indeed, that many persons, unable to get near enough to the auctioneers' rostrum to make themselves heard, were compelled to give their bids by means of telegraphic signs from the top of the stairs. The excitement while the drawings were being sold was still immense, though not so great as during the sale of the paintings. This may perhaps be attributable to the fact of the greater value of the lots, including as they did so many fine Turners. On the second and third day's sale of the drawings, however, the rooms were nearly as much crowded as on any previous day, and very high prices were given for some of the most esteemed specimens. Perhaps the lot which excited the greatest degree of interest and the keenest competition was the celebrated series of Yorkshire drawings, painted by Turner for the late Sir Henry Pilkington—namely, "Scarborough Castle: Boys Crab-fishing;" "Mowbray Lodge, Ripon: Earl Ripon's Seat;" "Grouse-shooting: the Moor," with portrait of the Artist; and "Woodcock Shooting: scene in the Chiver," with portrait of Sir H. Pilkington—the four subjects bringing 1700 guineas.

The other lots, embracing specimens of many of our most eminent artists, were keenly contended for, and brought prices which indicated the high estimation in which their several authors are held. We cannot go into the details of the sale, but may mention that it was brought to a conclusion on Friday week, having, including the sculpture, realised a total sum of £58,600.

M. HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.

The habitués of the Monday Popular Concerts will recognise in our Engraving one of the most distinguished of those artists to whom these delightful reunions owe their present success.

It may be remembered that, at a moment when a violinist of the highest talent was urgently required, M. Vieuxtemps was discovered to be in Paris, and, by a most fortunate conjunction of circumstances, had accepted no engagement which prevented his appearance in London, where he was welcomed alike by his professional friends and the public.

M. Vieuxtemps is a native of Verviers, in Belgium, where he made his first public appearance on the 17th of February, 1820, and, as

musicians, like poets, are born and not made, he was recognised as a kind of prodigy during his earliest childhood. At six years old he played the violin in public with so much success that the King of Holland granted a pension for the completion of his musical education, and he at once entered on a complete course of study under M. De Beriot, the most brilliant soloist of that time. He received lessons in composition at Paris from Reicha, and at Vienna from Sechter; and in 1841 his own great reputation commenced. On this occasion he performed, at a meeting of the Society of the Conservatoire of Paris, a concerto which was applauded no less

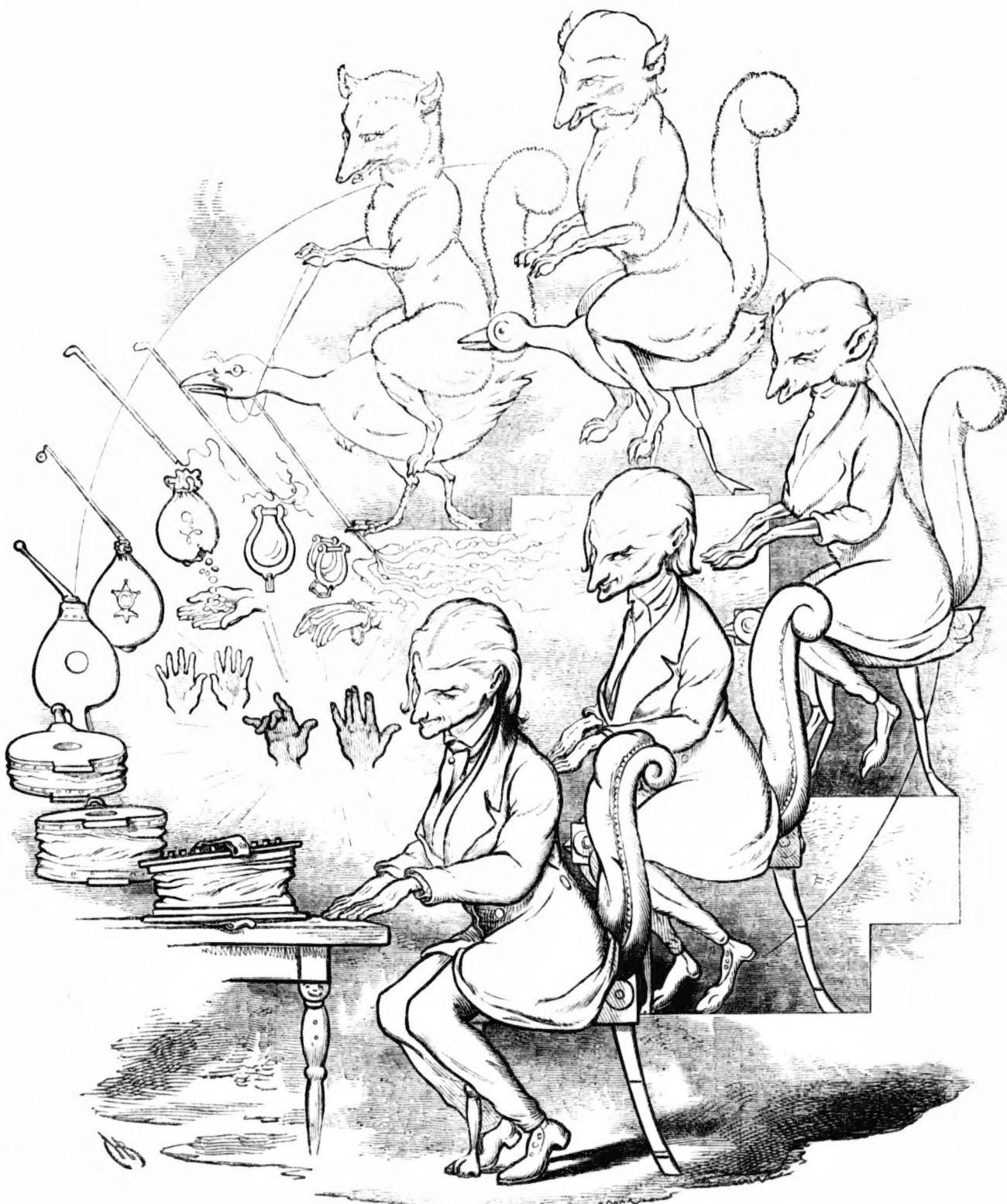
took the degree of LL.B. As the son of a solicitor who had worked his way to the position of a County Court Judge, Mr. Stansfeld's attention was, in the first instance, naturally directed to the legal profession. He practised for some time as a special pleader under the Bar, and in 1849 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He never practised as a barrister, though, from the legal bias of his mind and connections, a successful career, with possible promotions, might with safety have been predicted for him. Circumstances, however, suggested a different course; he became connected with business, and devoted his leisure to the study of home, but especially foreign, politics.

for the musical knowledge it displayed than for the consummate ability with which it was executed. He possessed, indeed, all the qualifications of a great violinist: certainty of touch, firm and dexterous "bowing," depth of tone, and freedom of style, while his concerto was at once pronounced a chef-d'œuvre. Ever since that time, except for six years when he was first violin soloist to the Emperor of Russia, M. Vieuxtemps has gained the applause of the musical public in most of the European capitals. Amongst other substantial pecuniary testimonials to his ability, he has received the appointment of soloist to the King of Belgium, member of the Royal Academy of Brussels, Chevalier of the Orders of Leopold, of Wawa, of Saint Maurice and Lazarus, of the Nisham, and some others. The career of M. Henri Vieuxtemps has been a successful one, and these honours are a fitting acknowledgment of his genius.

MR. JAMES STANSFELD, M.P.

MR. JAMES STANSFELD, the newly-appointed Junior Lord of the Admiralty, has had a brief but brilliant career—one eminently creditable to himself and reflecting honour on the political party to which he belongs. He entered Parliament, only four years ago, a *novus homo*, without the adventitious props of high descent or aristocratic connections to recommend him to public notice; and yet, during that short period, he has raised himself to a position in the House of Commons and in the country which many men of loftier pretensions may well envy, but which few can ever attain.

The incidents of his life are not many, and may soon be told. He was born at Halifax in March, 1820, and was enrolled as a student of University College in 1837, where he was distinguished by his knowledge of jurisprudence, and, at the close of his curriculum,

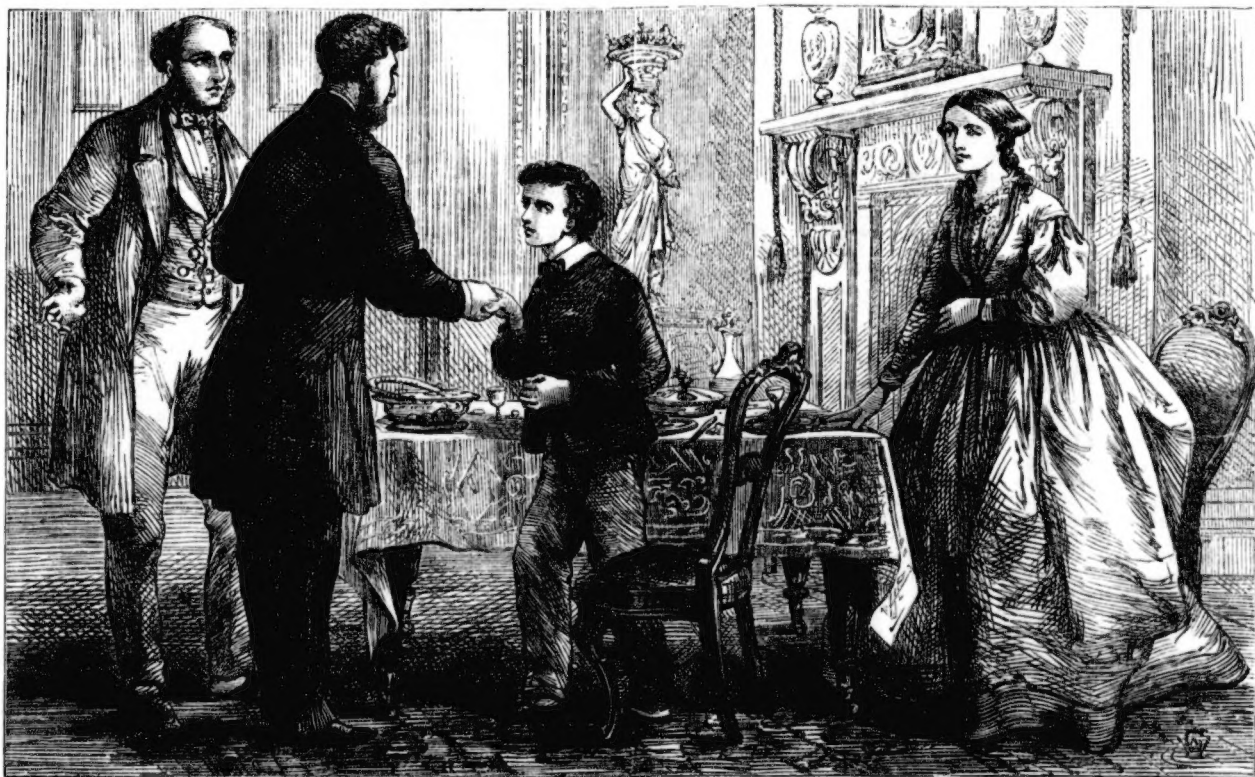


THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.

NO. 2.—BEWARE OF THE GOOSE WHEN THE FOX PREACHES.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)



M. HENRI VIEUXTEMPS, THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.



THE LONG RECKONING.—STRENSAL'S INTRODUCTION TO LADY GIRANDOLE.

At the period of which we speak the "Italian movement" was attracting the attention of Europe; and it was Mr. Stansfeld's privilege to be brought into personal relationship with the leaders of that movement, and to rank them as brothers. This Italian movement, as far as their part in it has been concerned, has been, since the year 1848, a large part of his daily life. Colonel Pisacane, Rosolino Pilo, and many others he knew personally, and "cherishes their memory with a peculiar affection." Mazzini and Garibaldi he knows; and in the House of Commons and before the public manfully avowed his attachment to them and their cause when they were much more unpopular than they are now. Mr. Stansfeld was a prominent member of the Society of the Friends of Italy, of which he was honorary secretary at the time when his intimate friend Professor Masson was the acting secretary.

In 1859, when Sir Francis Crossley resigned his seat as member for Halifax, in order to represent the West Riding of Yorkshire, Mr. Stansfeld was invited, at a meeting of the Liberal electors, to come forward as a candidate in preference to Mr. Remington Mills. He accepted the invitation; and so unanimous were the electors generally in his favour, that the Conservative candidate acknowledged he had no chance of being returned by retiring from the contest on the day previous to the nomination.

During the four years Mr. Stansfeld has been in Parliament he has only spoken eight times, but uniformly with a power, earnestness, and success which have called forth the warmest eulogies from the most critical assembly in the world. Few men have studied what is called the "tone" of the House of Commons with so much advantage as Mr. Stansfeld, and no member of his own standing in the House has so far fulfilled the high promise which he gave of a superior Parliamentary career in his maiden speech as he has done. The *Saturday Review*, by no means lavish in its praises of independent Liberals, styles him "the most rising member in the House of Commons."

As an active member of the Admiralty Committee of 1861, Mr. Stansfeld has gained experiences which he will now find useful. Last year he was invited by the Council of University College to preside at the annual meeting of the friends of the institution and to distribute the prizes to the students, an honour which, we believe, has not been conferred on any other alumnus of that college.

As a Minister of the Crown, Mr. Stansfeld has his spurs to win; but, from the proofs he has already given of ability, tact, and judgment, his friends are warranted in anticipating for him a successful official career. The appointment, both in the liberal manner it was offered and the independent spirit in which it has been accepted, is creditable alike to the Premier and the Junior Lord of the Admiralty. *Sic prossit.*

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE musical festival that opened the season at the Crystal Palace was in almost every respect a complete success. In the actual performance by the orchestra and chorus the difficult music of Mendelssohn's "Athalia" fared even better than the far less exacting oratorios of Handel, for the express production of which the gigantic force was first brought together. The improvement in the chorus since the first Handel festival, thanks chiefly to the incessant winter rehearsals, is indeed extraordinary. Never since the world began have strength and delicacy been so wondrously combined as in this May-Day performance of "Athalia." No single point that we are wont to appreciate in the smaller arena of Exeter Hall was missed in the Crystal Palace transept; while the most thrilling effect in music—the sotto voce singing of a multitude—again and again extorted the admiration of all present. Take, for instance, the wonderfully graphic and dramatic chorus, "Depart, depart, ye sons of Aaron!" which was given with extraordinary effect; the gradual subsidence of the voices at the close of which was managed with such marvellous skill as fully to bring out the composer's obvious intention of representing the gradual departure of a host. The choral responses, again, to the lovely trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," were rendered with a subdued delicacy that imparted an ethereal charm to the exquisite melody. Quite as impressive, though less extraordinary, perhaps, as mere specimens of vocal training, were the declamation, by all the voices in unison, of the picturesque recitative, "O, Sinai," and the fine rendering of the noble eight-part hymn, "Lord, let us hear thy voice." We must own that the instrumental part of the performance, though no less admirable in itself than the choral, was much less effective on account of the unavoidable drawbacks incident to the locale. We fear, indeed, that the elaborate instrumentation of Mendelssohn will always, to some extent, unfit his works for representation in the Crystal Palace, although in the performance both of "Elijah" and of "Athalia" certain effects have been elicited which have never been heard elsewhere. Spite of local disadvantages, the overture produced a deep impression, the formidable array of harps in front of the orchestra imparting wondrous brilliancy to the triumphant coda. The spirit-stirring march was loudly encored, but we should greatly have preferred to hear it without the introduction of the organ, which at its close completely overpowered the orchestra of some four hundred performers with its deafening noise. The secret but passionate love that burns in Signor Costa's bosom for noise in preference to music is scarcely comprehensible in an educated musician. But, in spite of his many faults of coarseness and vulgarity, Signor Costa is a man of remarkable talent and power. But very few could have trained a choral body of some seventeen hundred members to the state of efficiency displayed by the Handel Festival Chorus, while fewer still are gifted with such quickness, decision, and energy as Signor Costa exhibited in their control.

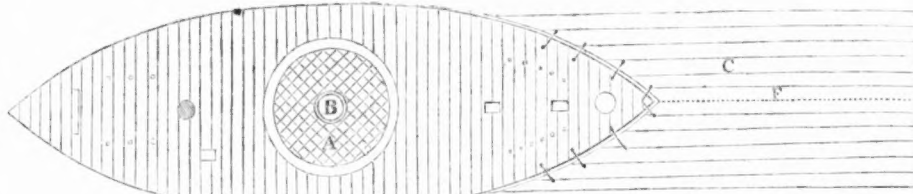
The solo parts of "Athalia" are comparatively unimportant, but the first soprano and contralto were both very admirably sustained. Mlle. Parpa's bright voice, though not in the best condition, travelled well through the large building; while Mlle. Sainton-Dolby's grand style gave emphasis to every note she uttered, the harshness which is sometimes perceptible in her voice in a small room vanishing into thin air under the lofty roof. Why Miss Martin was engaged for second soprano we cannot imagine, for her powers are of the very weakest. The stilted and empty verses which Mr. Bartholomew has written to take the place of Racine's polished and stately lines were declaimed by Mr. Phelps, whose voice is, unfortunately, too much wanting in resonance to be heard at any great distance. He spoke, however, with elaborate distinctness, evidently thinking it indispensable that there should be a decided pause between every word. In the event of the work being repeated, we would strongly counsel the omission of all reading. The arrangements for the accommodation of the 13,000 persons present were unexceptionable, and the season could not have been more auspiciously inaugurated.

On the evening of the Crystal Palace May-Day fête Mlle. Goldschmidt, née Jenny Lind, sang at a concert for the Putney Hospital for Incurables. High-priced as were the tickets, the room was crammed to suffocation, the scantiest space possible being left in the gangways for the passage of ladies, to say nothing of their ample skirts. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" were chosen for performance, but, in spite of many beauties, the works were evidently found *rococo* by the majority of the audience. Though it be treason to whisper it, we must confess to a lurking fancy that in his setting of Milton's lyrics Handel sometimes nodded. However, Jenny Lind is entitled to our thanks for reviving a work of great interest, and the audience seemed to think, for he was applauded *à l'outrance*. She frequently astonished her hearers by her intense earnestness, and by her poetical and imaginative readings, no less than by the wonderfully perfect shakes which she profusely introduced; but she sadly marred her performance by the unceasing and painful exaggeration evident in every phrase. She, however, produced a furore in the Nightingale Song with flute obligato; and, obnoxious as her style now is in many respects, Mlle. Goldschmidt occasionally extorted a murmur of involuntary approbation from the most violent of her opponents. Mlle. Sherrington shared the honours with Mlle. Goldschmidt, Miss Lascelles, Messrs. M. Smith and Weiss also assisting. Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ, Mr. Lindsay Sloper at the piano, and M. Goldschmidt at the conductor's desk.

Last Monday's Philharmonic Concert was graced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter paying marked attention during the whole evening. The most important feature was a complete performance of Beethoven's music to Goethe's

"Egmont," the overture and instrumental *entr'actes* to which were played with unusual care. It is said that when the Prince was informed that a tragedy would form part of the evening's entertainment he demurred to the arrangement; but on being told that some such performance of "Egmont" had been contemplated by his late father, he instantly withdrew his protest. The programme included the Pastoral Symphony; but the gem of the concert was Mlle. Arabella Goddard's magnificent performance of Bennett's concerto, in F minor. The first of living pianists excelled herself on this occasion; but whether it was the presence of Royalty or the presence of genius in the person of the composer whose work she interpreted that inspired her supple fingers and lent intelligence to every note she touched, we cannot say. We can, however, without hesitation, affirm that the exquisite barcarole was rendered with faultless expression, and the difficult last movement, doubly difficult at the quick time at which she takes it, played with equal spirit and skill.

At the opera-houses little novelty has been produced, although the bills have been frequently changed. At Covent Garden "Guillaume Tell" has been performed first for an unsuccessful tenor *débütant*, and then for the brilliant *rentrée* of Signor Tamberlik; "La Traviata" for the first appearance of Signor Colonne, a baritone of great power of voice; and "La Sonnambula" for Mlle. Adeline Patti, who again has fascinated all who have heard her. At her Majesty's Theatre Mlle. Trebelli has reappeared as Rosina in the evergreen "Bobbie," but all the strength of the establishment has of late been reserved for the production of Signor Schira's opera, of which we shall speak in our next.



A. Turret. B. Pilot-house. C. Raft. D. Infernal Machine. F. Torpedo-catcher,

DECK PLAN OF THE WEEHAWKEN.

to Charleston so as to clear a passage for the other ships. She was preceded by a scow, and between the scow and the ship was the torpedo-catcher. Protected by the scow and the torpedo-catcher, the Weehawken steamed boldly up the harbour till she came into contact with the obstructions of chains, ropes, nets, and beer-barrels placed in the channel. These she could not force, her propeller got fouled among them, and she was forced to retire—not, however, till she had both given and received her fair share of the damage inflicted on the occasion.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

The *New Orleans Era* gives intelligence, received by way of Matamoros, from the city of Mexico to the 27th of March, conveying news of a great battle between the French forces advancing on Puebla and the Mexicans defending that place. Letters from San Luis de Potosi, dated March 27, state that the invaders commenced their attack upon the works, and made a general attack; that they were repulsed to beyond Cholula; that the victory was complete; and that the French had been unable to continue their operations: 4000 had been sent to occupy Orizaba. Private letters from Monterey add that the French lost in the battle of the 27th sixty pieces of artillery and 8000 men.

The following news is received by way of San Francisco:—By the steamer Sonora, from Acapulco, dates from the city of Mexico to the 1st of April have been received. The French bombarded Puebla ten days, and were repulsed twice. The fortifications of San Javier were rendered untenable by shells from rifled guns. The Mexicans withdrew, and the French occupied them on the 31st of March, taking 150 prisoners. The French hold the outside fortifications round all the city. The bombardment was continued at the latest dates. The principal fortifications still hold out. Forey's headquarters were at the Church of Santiago, inside the Garita. Comonfort was at St. Martin with 10,000 troops. Ortega is in Puebla with 25,000. The French had cut the communications between Ortega and Comonfort. The French strength were 20,000 and 5000 Mexicans under Marquez. Their base of supplies was Amaseca. Reinforcements daily arrive from Vera Cruz. There were 20,000 Mexican troops in the city of Mexico.

A telegram from Vera Cruz, via Cadiz, under date April 5, reports that General Ortega, the Mexican leader commanding in Puebla, had offered to General Forey to capitulate on certain conditions, which the latter rejected, demanding the unconditional surrender of the city. Ortega made an attempt to force his way through the French columns, but was driven back into Puebla with considerable loss. If this be true, we may expect to hear of the fall of the city and the march to Mexico before long. The municipality and the ladies of Puebla had, it is stated, implored the French commander not to destroy the city, to which General Forey answered that he hoped to obtain possession of it without firing a shot.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, Admiral the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., President of the Society, in the chair. A reward of £11 was voted to the crew of the Seaton Carew life-boat, belonging to the institution, for putting off in reply to signals of distress on the night of the 12th ult., and rescuing the crew of seven men from the brig Regalia, of Whitby, which had sunk during stormy weather and in a heavy sea off Seaton Carew. This valuable life-boat had been the means of rescuing thirty-five persons from different shipwrecks. The boat was the gift of Wm. McKerrill, Esq., to the institution. The society's silver medal was also voted to Mr. Robert Hood, the gallant coxswain of the life-boat, in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services in that life-boat to ships in distress, and in assisting to save a large number of shipwrecked persons. The silver medal of the institution and a copy of its vote on parchment were also voted to Mr. Thos. Rowlands and Mr. George Lewis, and £3 to six other men, in admiration of their brave services in wading into the surf and rescuing the crew of three men from the sloop Francis, of Cardigan, which, during a heavy gale of wind and high sea, had sunk on Newport Sands, near Fishguard, on the 17th of March. Mr. Rowlands and Mr. Lewis had incurred great risk of life in wading into the surf. Mr. John Harries, receiver of wrecks at Newport, had also rendered valuable assistance on the occasion. The thanks of the institution were given to that gentleman. Voted, the thanks of the institution inscribed on vellum to Mr. William Nicol, officer of Customs, Appledore, and a reward of £2 to his boat's crew for putting off with the view of rescuing the crews of two smacks which had stranded on Bideford Bar during squally weather, on the 15th of March. Various other rewards were also voted to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks. During the past month the institution had sent a new life-boat to Fishguard, in lieu of one previously stationed there. The new life-boat had, on her way to the coast, been exhibited at Bath, where the cost of a life-boat, to be called "The City of Bath," is being raised. The life-boat, since her arrival at Fishguard, had been tried in a heavy gale of wind, and had answered admirably. A free conveyance had, as usual, been readily given to the old and new boats by the Great Western and South Wales Railway Companies. It was reported that Mr. Thomas Clayton, of Wakefield, had presented to the institution £250, to enable it to place a large life-boat at Lytham, a most dangerous locality on the Lancashire coast. An interesting report was read from Captain David Robertson, R.N., the assistant-inspector of life-boats of the institution, on its Welsh life-boats, which he had recently visited. He found them nearly all in good order. Captain Ward, R.N., the inspector of the institution, was directed to proceed to Ireland to examine the life-boats of the institution on the coast of that country. Payments amounting to nearly £800 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

DINNER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The annual dinner of the Royal Academy came off on Saturday evening—Sir Charles Eastlake presided. The Prince of Wales and Prince Louis of Hesse were among the guests, and both made speeches in response to toasts. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Somerset, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Thackeray were among the speakers of the evening. The proceedings altogether were of the pleasantest kind.

THE IRON-CLAD SHIP WEEHAWKEN.

THIS vessel, of which we give an Engraving and a diagram showing the newly-invented torpedo-catcher, was one of the nine ironclads which made the late unsuccessful attack on Charleston. The Weehawken is constructed in her main features, on the same principle as the Monitor and other American iron-plated ships. She shows only about sixteen inches above water; her tower revolves by means of a small engine, its weight resting on the central shaft, the lower portion of which in its turn rests upon the keelsons. While in action all apertures are closed, ventilation being kept up by two fans, which draw in fresh air, while the exhausted air is carried off by the boiler-furnace. Should the ship be boarded, the crew can bring the guns to bear upon the decks, and can also assail their enemies by throwing hand-grenades from the turret. The feature, however, which specially distinguished the Weehawken in the late action was the raft and torpedo-catcher, invented by Mr. Ericsson, and first tried at Charleston. The machine is attached to the bows of the ship, from which it protrudes a considerable way outwards and downwards, and being pushed before her as she progresses, clears the way of torpedoes and other obstructions by lifting them up or exploding them, as the case may be. This was the idea on which the raft was constructed, but it would appear to have scarcely answered its purpose, as we are told that it got entangled either in the vessel's own machinery or in the obstructions placed in the harbour; neither do we hear that the machine did lift or explode any torpedoes; and it appears that it ultimately became detached from the ship, and was washed ashore and captured by the Confederates.

To the Weehawken was assigned the post of pioneer in steaming up

THE PROVINCES.

A SHIP SCUTTLED AND ABANDONED.—A strange story is reported of a brigantine having been picked up in the Channel by a fishing-smack from Colchester, which was in a sinking state and abandoned. On further examination it was found that all her papers and other marks of her identity had been destroyed; that holes had been, evidently by design, made in her bottom; and that there was blood and other marks of violence and confusion on the decks. With much labour the vessel was kept afloat and brought into Dover.

MURDER.—A brutal murder has been committed at Herne, near Herne Bay. On Saturday a man named Steed, who had been drinking in Herne, left there to go to his home, and, some hours afterwards, was found in an almost lifeless state on a bridge-road leading from Herne to Maypole. His head was battered, and he soon afterwards died. Suspicion attaches to a man named Eldridge, who left Herne in company with the deceased. Eldridge has been committed to Canterbury Gaol on a charge of murder.

DISTURBANCES AT HINCKLEY, LEICESTERSHIRE.—Some riotous proceedings have taken place among the distressed operatives at Hinckley, Leicestershire, for which, if the facts be correctly reported, the poor-law guardians appear to be chiefly to blame. There, as elsewhere, the men do not like outdoor labour; but a compromise was agreed to in which the men agreed to work certain hours. These hours were afterwards extended, and because the men adhered to the original hours, they refused to pay them at all, but offered them the workhouse instead. The men took them at their word, and the workhouse was soon filled to overflowing by a mere fraction of the excited population, the great majority being necessarily excluded. The people were highly excited; but hitherto they have committed no breach of the peace.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF UNIVERSITY MEN.—At the Borough Police Court, Cambridge, on Monday, Mr. Howard Simon Watson and Mr. Thomas Springett Watson, undergraduates of Pembroke College, were charged with assaulting two police-constables. It appears that for several weeks past the Roman Catholic Chapel in Union-road, Cambridge, has been the scene of the most disgraceful disturbances. A number of undergraduate members of the University have been in the habit of attending the evening services, and interrupting the priest by laughing derisively, smoking long clay pipes, and other unseemly conduct. The officiating priest has remonstrated with them upon several occasions, but, being anxious to spare them the disgrace and humiliation of a public exposure, he kindly abstained from taking legal proceedings. This forbearance on the part of the reverend gentleman, however, instead of having the desired effect of quelling the disturbances, made the undergraduates more bold and violent, and last Sunday evening they conducted themselves in so outrageous a manner that the police-constables, who were in attendance for the purpose of preserving order, took the ring-leaders into custody. On their way to the station-house a rescue was attempted by a body of students, in which the police were roughly handled. Witnesses having been examined, the Bench came to the conclusion that the charge was fully proved; and the Mayor, in intimating their decision, said it was impossible to overlook this matter, or to punish it merely by the infliction of a fine. The defendants would be sent to prison for seven days, without hard labour.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.—On the 10th of April a young woman, aged twenty-seven, and named Martha Battin, was apprehended at Newbury on a charge of vagrancy. She was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. She was brought to the Reading Gaol on the 15th of April. From the moment of her conviction she expressed her determination not to eat anything whilst she was in prison. On her arrival at Reading Gaol she had been three days without food. She was evidently determined to continue the same plan. She refused to eat or drink anything. Day after day passed, and her determination continued still unchanged. The officers of the gaol, and every one acquainted with the circumstances, were astonished that a person could continue so long without aliment. On the 27th of April—nearly eighteen days from the time of her apprehension—this woman had taken, to use a common expression, neither "bit nor drop" of anything. The physician to the gaol and the surgeon felt that the woman could not be allowed to pursue this course any longer, and they ordered that some broth and gruel should be forced down her throat. It was not till she found that unmistakable preparations were being made for doing this that she at last succumbed and partook of a small quantity of broth and gruel. The most strange part of the affair is that the woman appeared very little affected in her bodily health by her long-continued fast. A representation was made to the Secretary of State, and inquiries were instituted as to the mental condition of the prisoner, and she was ultimately removed to Littlemore Lunatic Asylum. On a previous occasion the woman did very much the same thing. Two years ago she was imprisoned in Reading Gaol, and she then went seventeen days without food.

A PERILOUS LEAP.—A few days ago, as a servant of Lieutenant Mellor of the 6th Royal Lancashire Militia, which regiment is now in training at the barracks in Salford, was riding a valuable and spirited horse belonging to his master through Windmill-street, the animal took fright, and, rushing at a furious pace across Lower Mosley-street, leaped through the window of a house occupied by Mr. Edward Donnelly, sub-inspector of water-works. The rider kept his seat admirably, and alighted with the horse in the sitting-room, which was fortunately unoccupied at the time. In its leap the horse knocked down the iron railings fronting the house, thus breaking the area windows. The horse's legs were slightly cut, and the rider escaped with but slight damage. The animal was released without much difficulty.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNIX.—The access to the valley of Chamounix is henceforth about to become scarcely more than a simple omnibus ride. The adjudication of the works for the first part of the Chamounix road will take place on the 9th instant. This undertaking, the cost of which is estimated at £89,456, will be commenced immediately. The section in question will commence at Fayet, a small village situated among the trees below St. Gervais, and will stop at the hills at Servoz. From that point the road, instead of ascending, will run along the Arve, and arrive at Chamounix without any sensible gradient. The rock which stands on the opposite side at the foot of the hills, and which forms a barrier at the bottom of the valley, will be mined to give passage to the road. The new route will give an easy access to the valley of Mont Blanc. Rises and descents are avoided, and travellers will reach Chamounix almost insensibly.

DEATH OF AN ITALIAN PATRIOT.—The oldest of Italian patriots, the venerable Ruggiero Settimo, has just died at Malta. This eminent man was President of the Government of Sicily in 1848. When the expulsion of the Bourbons in 1860 allowed the Kingdom of Italy to be formed, Count Cavour, by a graceful act, appointed Ruggiero Settimo President of the Senate. His office was merely honorary, as the great age of the patriot rendered it impossible that he could discharge its duties; but he accepted the title tendered as a tribute well deserved to his character and services. The Italian Government has sent a frigate to convey the body of the Nestor of Italy to Palermo.

LAW AND CRIME.

WITHIN the last few days there have been brought to light no less than three charges of swindling bearing one common character. In each case the culprit was enabled to commit the fraud by pretending to aristocratic position or connections. There was a lawyer's clerk, who had only to announce himself as nephew to a Duke to obtain any amount of cash in exchange for forged cheques. Then came a wretched cheat, who declared himself to be Earl Russell, in a hurry to get to Richmond, and, on the strength of this assertion, borrowed a horse of a livery-stable keeper and five shillings of an ostler, besides obtaining credit of a tavern-keeper for three glasses of gin and water, as a beverage of all others peculiarly affected by the more aristocratic of our governing classes. Next, a young gentleman applied for assistance to the magistrate at Bow-street. The applicant had formed a casual acquaintance with a travelling companion, who pretended to be a Baronet, and to whom, in consequence, the applicant had lent money amounting to about £50, besides inviting him to his father's house, where the swindler contrived to engage the affections of the applicant's sister. In this case the magistrate referred the applicant to the County Court, although the report of the application certainly fails to disclose any obstacle to the prosecution of the swindler for obtaining money under false pretences. These three cases, occurring almost simultaneously, are curiously suggestive. They prove that among the lower commercial and middle classes there exists a feeling of adulation for any human creature bearing a title, an adulation which may be relied upon even for the extraction of money from its victims; also that the assumption of aristocracy is so simple and easy that even the common street swindler may take to it without fear of detection, at least until his object has been carried out. This is unfortunate for the aristocracy. The origin of the mischief may, perhaps, be traced to the creation of all mankind from one single stock, under circumstances in which the future modern nobility was not taken into account. Could there not even now be found a means of removing the difficulty thus occasioned—as by the use of some distinguishing, ineffaceable, and inimitable mark upon the features of the true aristocracy, as a symbol at once of gentle birth and of trustworthiness in the matter of pecuniary advances?

Somebody, who is reported to have "called himself a lawyer," appeared at the Marylebone Police Court to dispute payment of cab fare for a baby as an extra person. The magistrate had read the report of the recent decision on this subject (which we quoted a week or two since), and the defendant was ordered to pay the sum claimed (6d.) and 5s. costs. The magistrate's clerk very pertinently put the supposed case of a child under ten engaging a cab for himself home from school. If a single child be not a "person," the cabman would not be entitled to be paid any fare for such child had the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench been the other way.

In the case of *Gambart v. Ball*, a point had been reserved upon a verdict for plaintiff as to whether reproductions by photography were copies within the scope of the statutes. The first Act, dealing with artistic copyrights, was one promoted at the instance of William Hogarth, and intended to protect the rights of engravers against piratical copyists. This Act has been the foundation of all English legislation upon the subject; and it was questioned whether statutory prohibitions framed before the discovery of photography could be held to restrain it. The Court of Common Pleas was of opinion that the general provisions of Hogarth's Act were in themselves sufficient to secure an engraver against piracy, even by means not known to the framers of the statute, and that these provisions had, moreover, been strengthened and extended by subsequent enactments. The rule for a new trial was therefore discharged. In other words, the Court confirmed the verdict obtained by the engraver against the photographer.

Attention has been directed to a successful scheme of domestic swindling. A rogue has been going about to private houses, taking a parcel bearing the name of an eminent publishing firm, and demanding small sums—from twelve to fifteen shillings—as the price of the package. This, when opened, has been found to contain worthless old books. In one case the fellow was intrusted with a sovereign to get change, and it is superfluous to add that he decamped with the coin.

It is reported that Colonel Calhorne intends to justify his strictures upon the conduct of the Earl of Cardigan in the Balklava charge, and that an application has been made for time to obtain the evidence of numerous military witnesses at present dispersed over various parts of the globe. Of course such a statement as this by no means proves that the witnesses, when found, will certainly give evidence in favour of the Colonel, but it is a fair ground upon which to ask for the stay of any expression of public opinion.

POLICE.

THE BANDITTI OF THE STREETS.—John Harris, a powerful fellow, was charged with being concerned in assault and robbery.

John Jones, a labourer, said—On Thursday night I was passing along Commercial-street, Whitechapel, alone, and carrying a bundle containing some clothes, and the prisoner suddenly came upon me, seized the bundle with one hand, and struck me a terrible blow in the mouth with the other. I fell to the ground, and, whilst trying to rise, heard some one say "Kill him." The next moment I received a heavy kick in the face. I screamed and became insensible, remembering nothing else until at the station-house, where I saw the prisoner, whom I immediately recognised, and also my bundle. Three of my front teeth are knocked out, but whether from the blow or kick I cannot say, as both were on the face. I lost a great quantity of blood, too, and felt for some hours very ill.

Kenwood, 194 H.—About twelve on Thursday night I was in Commercial-street, when I heard a cry, and, hastening toward the spot whence it sounded, met the prisoner running at the top of his speed and carrying his bundle. With some difficulty I stopped him, and on questioning him as to the contents he replied, "They are some clothes belonging to a mate of mine which I have taken in a joke." Prosecutor was lying in a sad state taken in a joke. Prosecutor was lying in a sad state taken in a joke. Prosecutor was lying in a sad state taken in a joke.

Prisoner—I did take the bundle, but never touched the prosecutor.

The magistrate fully committed him to trial.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

ON the 9th of the week the general abundance of money in the general discount market, a large amount of business has been transacted in National Stocks this week, and the quotations have had an upward tendency. Consols, for Money, have realised 99½; Ditto, for Acc. 94 to 94½; Reduced and New Three per Cent. 92½;

Exchequer Bills, 5s. to 8s. prem. Bank Stock has sold at 233 to 235.

The dealings in Indian Stocks, &c., have been very moderate; nevertheless, the market has been very quiet. India Stock has marked 230; Ditto, New, 102½ to 103; the Four per Cent. Paper, 98, and the Five-and-a-Half per Cent. 112½. India Bonds have touched 17½ to 21s. premium.

There has been a moderate, but by no means a very lively, inquiry for money for commercial purposes. In the rates of discount, as compared with last week, very little alteration has taken place. In the open market the best bills are done as follows:—

Thirty Days Bills 2½ to — per cent.

Sixty Days 3 to —

Three Months 3½ to —

Four Months 4 to —

Six Months 4½ to —

The Continental exchange has become less favourable; but there is still a steady profit on the shipments of gold from New York. The imports this week, however, have been very moderate. The shift months have not increased.

Turkish Consols have advanced to 53½, and in the value of Greek Bonds a considerable improvement has taken place. Most other foreign securities have risen firm, and prices have had an upward tendency. Consolide Scrip has marked 14 to 2 prem; 4 prem, and Indian, 24 to 25 prem. Austrian Five per Cent. has been doing well, and has reached 80; Ditto, 1890, 94; Ditto, 1892, 93½; ex Div. 94; Ditto, 1894, 95; Ditto, 1896, 96½; ex Div. 97; Ditto, 1898, 98½; Ditto, 1900, 99; Ditto, 1902, 100; Ditto, 1904, 101; Ditto, 1906, 102; Ditto, 1908, 103; Ditto, 1910, 104; Ditto, 1912, 105; Ditto, 1914, 106; Ditto, 1916, 107; Ditto, 1918, 108; Ditto, 1920, 109; Ditto, 1922, 110; Ditto, 1924, 111; Ditto, 1926, 112; Ditto, 1928, 113; Ditto, 1930, 114; Ditto, 1932, 115; Ditto, 1934, 116; Ditto, 1936, 117; Ditto, 1938, 118; Ditto, 1940, 119; Ditto, 1942, 120; Ditto, 1944, 121; Ditto, 1946, 122; Ditto, 1948, 123; Ditto, 1950, 124; Ditto, 1952, 125; Ditto, 1954, 126; Ditto, 1956, 127; Ditto, 1958, 128; Ditto, 1960, 129; Ditto, 1962, 130; Ditto, 1964, 131; Ditto, 1966, 132; Ditto, 1968, 133; Ditto, 1970, 134; Ditto, 1972, 135; Ditto, 1974, 136; Ditto, 1976, 137; Ditto, 1978, 138; Ditto, 1980, 139; Ditto, 1982, 140; Ditto, 1984, 141; Ditto, 1986, 142; Ditto, 1988, 143; Ditto, 1990, 144; 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